

The Nation.

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JOSEPH H. RICHARDS, PUBLISHER, 130 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

The Week.

THIS week has much resembled that which preceded it, if its "sensational" features are alone regarded. The disasters by rail have continued, and have been brought home to this community by a shocking collision on the Long Island road, the result of heinous recklessness, aggravated by the parsimony of a corporation which forced its passengers upon the platforms, rather than provide them with accommodations inside. The verdict of "somebody to blame" in the Housatonic "accident," has been followed even more pointedly by the jury which sat upon the smash-up on the Oil Creek road. They not only indicate the guilty parties, but request the coroner to issue his warrant for their apprehension and trial. Wirtz's case still proceeds. His counsel deserted him for one day in a huff with the court, but were induced to return on the next. The evidence against him is most positive, and equally sickening. Edward Ketchum has been arrested in this city, which he not only did not leave, but scarcely skulked in. At the request of Ketchum, Son & Co., their inventory was examined by a committee of gentlemen not interested in their solvency, and a careful valuation of their assets made. Their liabilities amount to \$3,985,608 35 against \$3,093,639 63 of assets, and they were advised to offer fifty per cent. in cash and ten per cent. in notes at twelve months. This report was adopted by the creditors at a meeting on Friday. Mr. P. R. Mumford was discharged on the admission of the prosecution that there was no ground to convict him of fraud, since the bank had been in the habit of honoring his checks even when he was known to have no deposit.

ON and after Friday, by previous proclamation of the President, the last restrictions upon trade with the South were removed. The necessity having in a great measure ceased, those articles which, in the proclamation of June, were prohibited from importation as contraband of war, are now released, subject only to such regulations as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe. If the faith of our British cousins is still strong in the invincible spirit of the Southern people, they may embrace this opportunity to renew their traffic in Whitworths, Blakelys, and the lesser munitions of war.

GOVERNOR HOLDEN asks General Ruger, commanding the Department of North Carolina, for what purpose he, the said governor, is clothed with power to appoint judges of the civil courts; and General Ruger negatively responds that it is not for the purpose of preserving the

peace, which is solely the business of the military. These troublesome men of war, it seems, had arrested three citizens of the County of Person, upon the charge of an assault made by them upon the body of a freedman named Currie. The governor objects to the jurisdiction, and says he has "every confidence that strict and impartial justice will be administered" by the magistrates of his appointment. The general manifests a decided lack of confidence in the justice, but no doubt whatever about the jurisdiction. He says that he has never heard of any official notice being taken of acts of unlawful violence towards freedmen, and that, at the time of the arrest, no civil court had taken cognizance of the disorder in question. The governor replies that the old Carolina way is good enough for him and (constructively) for the negro, and that the delays complained of "have been tolerated for ages." Moreover, the free blacks have always been treated fairly in the State courts, and he cannot suspect "as honest a people as exist anywhere"—meaning the citizens of North Carolina—of any disposition to deal unjustly with the same class at the present time. The general remains firm, and the difference has been referred to the President for settlement.

OUR law correspondent, in number five of THE NATION, alluded to the very gradual melioration of the treatment of the accused in criminal cases. Spite of the maxim that a defendant is assumed to be innocent until proved to be guilty, he has been treated so, in British courts, only in the matter of evidence. Thus, to quote from our correspondent, "till very recently, the prisoner or his defender was not permitted to cross-examine the witnesses for the prosecution; and it was not till the year 1836 that the persons on trial for felonies were allowed personally or by counsel to address juries in defence." This last July a still further concession was made, under a recent act of Parliament, by which criminal advocates now have a right to sum up the evidence before the reply of the prosecution. In France, the practice is for the magistrate to cross-examine the defendant, as if his word were not to be trusted. A State which has more than once been a pioneer in our American legislation, again excites our interest and, we cannot err in saying, secures our commendation by a novel experiment in criminal procedure. The Legislature of Maine, at its last session, passed an act which permits a prisoner arraigned for murder to testify in his own behalf. It has just been applied in a case of which it is reported:

"The testimony of witnesses left no doubt that the prisoner killed the person alleged; but as the deed was done in the dark, no one but himself could know whether it was in self-defence or not. The remarkable simplicity and apparent truthfulness of the prisoner, his prompt and ready answers, freedom from all contradiction and equivocation, and in fact every test of truth, were so striking, that the court, jury, and the crowd of listeners were all convinced that he was fully justified in the killing. Without his own testimony, however, he would probably have been severely dealt with by the law."

THE politics of the week find their main interest in the doings of the Jersey Democracy at Trenton, on Wednesday, the 30th ult. So distinguished a party hulk might have been looked to for something original in its bill of complaints and charges against its opponents, but the convention's resolutions were hardly more than a repetition of what we have been hearing all summer. The little character which they have is entirely in keeping with New Jersey's reputation for liberality in money matters. There must be a return, say they, to a gold and silver currency; it is unequal to exempt Government bonds from taxation; the soldiers must be paid the full bounty promised them by Government; the national debt is "onerous and improperly managed." The Democratic game of selecting candidates from the army, as shown in Ohio and Pennsylvania, was confirmed by the assembly at Trenton.

Major-General Runyon was nominated for Governor. It is touching to observe with what magnanimity our conservative friends overlook participation in the "cruel war" brought on by the radicals. The official returns of the Kentucky election divide the House into 58 Opposition and 42 Union, while the Senate has a tie of 18 to 18. Lieut.-Gov. Jacobs is said to favor the Constitutional Amendment, and his vote would then decide for it in the upper chamber. Gen. Cox made a speech at Oberlin on the 21st ult. A colored member of his audience rose to ask him if he would, when elected Governor of Ohio, advocate bestowing the suffrage upon the colored people of the State. The General's reply was received "with enthusiastic applause," if we may credit the report, but it hardly seems to us to have called for such a demonstration from the class most interested in it. The speaker "believed the question must be decided for the black men as a unit, and that the duty of the colored man here was to connect his destiny with those of the South." Still, if there was to be a separate decision, he should be for the full application of the rights of man. The "Worcester Freedom Club" is alarmed at the wooing of the President by every Democratic convention, and warns the Republican party against "Tylerization." They see in negro suffrage the only assurance that the disloyal element when returned to office will not join the Democracy in demanding the assumption of the rebel debt and indemnification for the loss of their slaves. That these fears are not visionary may be inferred from the advertisement of David Miller, who wishes to represent in Congress the Eighth District of Virginia. He publishes in the *Lynchburg Republican* his political confession, and says, apropos of the debt created by the United States in prosecuting the war against rebellion:

"I am opposed to the Southern States being taxed at all for the redemption of this debt, either directly or indirectly, and if elected to Congress I will oppose all such measures, and I will vote to repeal all laws that have heretofore been passed for that purpose. And in doing so I do not consider that I violate any obligation to which the South was a party (!) We have never pledged our faith for the redemption of the war debt. (!) The people will be borne down with taxes for years to come, even if the war debt is repudiated. It will be the duty of the Government to support the maimed and disabled soldiers, and this will be a great expense; and if the United States Government requires the South to be taxed for the support of the Union soldiers, we should insist that all disabled soldiers should be maintained by the United States Government, without regard to the side they had taken in the war. (!)"

THE eighth annual report of the Central Park Commissioners shows that little was done during the past year beyond completing structures already in progress and extending the drive. Remains of fortifications thrown up in 1812 on the brow of the hills forming the southern boundary of the Harlem plains, and traces of a Revolutionary encampment, will be preserved as far as possible. The practice of transplanting trees of large size is abandoned as unsuccessful. The visitors to the Park have increased largely since 1861, and the vehicles more than doubled. In 1864 there flocked thither 2,295,199 pedestrians, 100,397 equestrians, and 1,148,161 vehicles, the greatest numbers of each being recorded in January, June, and May respectively. About \$1,000 profit was derived from boat service. The police have few, and these mostly trifling, charges to make against the multitude.

It appears strange, at first sight, that the freedmen of Maryland, a self-emancipated State, should need the protection of the Bureau at Washington. The report of Lieut. G. A. Clark, who has been visiting Prince George, St. Charles, and St. Mary's Counties, makes the necessity plain, however. He found the spirit of slavery and the spirit of disloyalty unabated, the accomplished fact of negro liberty accepted only in bitterness, and the relations between employers and laborers of the most uncomfortable character. Yet labor is scarce, and but half the usual amount of land is under cultivation. The witnesses against North Carolina are too numerous to sustain the pretence of a conspiracy against her reputation. Lieut. A. W. Hahn, passing through the north-eastern portion of the State, where there is no military force, reports the shooting of three negroes in Northampton county, by the Home Guard, because they accepted employment away from their former masters and refused to return. The freedom of the colored population is

not admitted, and a disposition on their part to assert it is met with torture and death. A Union man in Hertford County was hunted for his life for hiring a negro girl without consulting her master. Col. Whittlesey, the commissioner at Raleigh, informs the freedmen by circular that if any refuse to enter into contracts because they expect the Government to give them farms, they will be disappointed. They will own land when they have earned it by diligent industry. Offices of the Bureau have been established in South Carolina, at Orangeburg, Spartansburg, Winnsboro', Camden, and Austin; at all which points the planters are said to be readily embracing the contract system. At Columbia alone over six hundred contracts have been made since July 1st. Gen. Ely, the commissioner at that place, has prohibited the discharge or driving off of the freedmen from the plantations upon which they are engaged without permission from the Bureau, as has been done in several instances on insufficient grounds. Gen. Swayne, at Montgomery, Alabama, states that many cases of violence now bruited really date back to the occupation of the State, but there are still frequent murders of whites and blacks, chiefly owing to cotton stealing and indiscriminate robberies. An abstract of the report of Col. Samuel Thomas, assistant commissioner at Vicksburg, dated Aug. 15, is worth reproducing. After mentioning the speedy repairs of railroads, bridges, and highways, and the extension of the telegraph to the interior of the State, he says:

"The colonies of freedmen working the land assigned them at Davis Bend, Camp Hawley, near Vicksburg, De Soto Point, opposite, and at Washington, near Natchez, are all doing well; their crops are maturing fast; as harvest time approaches, the number of rations issued is reduced, and they are compelled to rely on their own resources. At least ten thousand bales of cotton will be raised by these people, who are raising crops on their own account. The number of idle people around them is constantly declining, as labor is abundant, and good prices are offered for all kinds of work. The Treasury Department has turned over to the Bureau all lands, houses, and tenements held by them. This included houses in Vicksburg and Natchez, which were being rented from month to month, and plantations leased Jan. 1, 1865. This property is a source of considerable revenue to the Bureau. The amount of rations issued to whites is about the same as issued to freedmen. Not less than 5,000 people are cutting wood for steamers on the Mississippi River, and more people are engaged in this business than ever, but they support themselves." The total number of freedmen in the State is estimated at 346,600, of whom only 3,000 are receiving assistance from Government."

The lot of the people of color in the parishes of Louisiana is hard enough. The ordinances of Opelousas afford an example of the general treatment of the despised race. The freedmen cannot hold meetings, move about or come to town without passes and permits from their employers, be found in the streets at night after ten o'clock, keep or rent a house within the limits of the town, engage in traffic without written leave, nor even reside in town, unless in the regular service of some white person. It is small compensation that the colored citizens of New Orleans, under the protecting wing of "headquarters," have just overcome the prejudice which confined them to certain "star cars" on the horse rail-roads. At Chattanooga, 904 whites receive rations, and only 43 negroes. Gen. Fiske has broken up every contraband camp in East Tennessee, and intends doing the same with all that remain in his department. The Bureau at Washington has received an application for one hundred freedmen, to be employed at fair wages in coal-mining on the James River.

ON Monday, August 28, the Volunteer Refreshment Saloon in Philadelphia was closed, after having performed its beneficent mission of nourishing our defenders on their way to and from the battle-fields of the South. In four years twelve hundred thousand soldiers have been fed and cared for by the quiet, regular, unostentatious contributions and personal attendance of the good women of the Quaker City. This gigantic charity, local only in its scene of operations, deserves to rank with the widespread labors of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, and reflects as much honor upon Philadelphia as the latter upon the nation at large.

WE omitted to mention, last week, that the clause whereby the Mississippi Convention amended their constitution in favor of emancipa-

tion also directed the legislature, at its next session, to "provide by law for the protection and security of the persons and property of the freedmen of the State, and guard them and the State against any evil that may arise from their sudden emancipation." This sounds well enough, but we venture to predict that the protection afforded will not be self-protection, nor the instrument the ballot; and, therefore, we earnestly hope that the Government, in the exercise of its proper function toward the reconstructed States, will forestall the action of the Legislature of Mississippi. What sort of protection, even with the best intentions, could be extended by this body is questionable, when we know that the convention refused to submit its work to the popular judgment, as was the case in Tennessee; that Gov. Sharkey has called upon the people by proclamation to form two companies in each county—one of cavalry and another of infantry—to preserve order and put an end to murder and robberies; and that the gubernatorial candidate, Judge E. S. Fisher, is still an applicant for pardon. Gen. Slocum has, meanwhile, countermanded the dangerous and extra-official call of the governor, as was right, and has ordered a general surrender of arms to the officers of the United States.

A LIQUOR DEALER in Massachusetts attempted to outwit the law of the State which makes his calling illegal by claiming a right to sell intoxicating liquors under a license from the United States. The Supreme Court, to which the case was carried up, decided, against Mr. Holbrook, that the payment to the United States of a fee for license, and a revenue duty or tax, does not exempt a man from responsibility for violating the criminal laws of the commonwealth. The statute in question is sometimes inaccurately called a sumptuary law, but even if it were, it would not be diametrically opposed to the internal revenue regulations, which surely are not intended to foster the luxuries which they tax. Neither could the action of the State, if it had been subsequent to the passage of the United States law, be considered unpatriotic, since vice, or the cause of vice and crime, as Massachusetts regards the sale of liquor, is not more respectable or to be tolerated because so long as it is unmolested the Government can extort a tribute from it. The ordinary tradesman or manufacturer who seeks in a legitimate way to escape the burden of taxation must also not be judged hardly. If some departments of industry are abandoned, others are created, and the general balance is preserved. The fashion which has so largely superseded felt hats with those made of cloth, is due to the enhanced cost of alcohol and lace, in a solution of which the former are dipped for stiffening.

THE following is an extract from the letter of an intelligent correspondent, sent out by an association of factories in Massachusetts, for the purpose of obtaining information on the condition of the South and prospects of the cotton culture. It is both interesting and important:

“AUGUSTA, GA., Aug. 18.

“I have given considerable attention to the causes leading to the exodus of the freedmen from the plantations to the towns, and have arrived at the following conclusions: Negroes do not like plantation labor, particularly the cultivation of cotton, sugar, rice, and tobacco, on a large scale. Those blacks who are engaged in any other employment, mechanical or domestic, have always looked down on the ‘field hands,’ as they were accustomed to call them, and felt above them. Now the field hand perceives, as he thinks, an opportunity for a higher grade of labor, and with an aspiration that is perfectly natural and easily understood, will do anything else rather than work on the plantations for the same wages. An odium attaches to field service among the blacks; hence they flock to the towns, and any number can be hired for deck-hands on the steamers, servants at hotels or in private residences, stevedores, teamsters—in short, anything else besides the detested field service. The crack of the driver’s whip still echoes in their ears, and they fly from the scenes of former cruelties. Those who could remain—mostly the older ones—are taunted by the others as ‘mean-spirited,’ and their inclination overborne. This is my explanation, derived from my observation of one of the causes, and a principal one, which leads the freedman to desert the old plantation. But other reasons are not wanting. The blacks are all inclined to think this is their holiday, their ‘year of jubelum,’ and many careful observers and good judges believe that next season much of the license and hilarity which at present are universal among them will have passed away. And it must not be forgotten, that up to the day of the dispersion of the Con-

federate armies, thousands and thousands of negroes remained under the same control within the Confederate lines as before the war; hence, the breaking down of the rebellion was the forming of a new existence for them. On the large plantations in this vicinity were hundreds of blacks who had never in their lives visited a city or been further than a few miles from their master’s plantation. What wonder that they should swarm to a scene with so much of novelty and interest to them? It cannot be denied that wherever our black troops have been stationed, the labor on the surrounding plantations has almost entirely ceased. If the advice of the soldiers has not influenced the plantation hands, their example has. I must give it as my opinion, from what I see on every side, that the day is very distant when such crops of cotton as were produced just before the war will again be raised. Northern men must be the men to plant. Of this there can be no doubt. Not one planter in ten will ever adapt himself to the new order of things. Everywhere I meet them with their families moving out of the country, firmly persuaded it is ruined.”

It is said that the Postmaster-General finds it difficult to make appointments in South Carolina, because of the almost universal connection of the population with the late rebellion, and an act of Congress requires an oath to the contrary. Now we submit the difficulty is not so great as represented, for about two-thirds of the inhabitants can take this retroactive oath without a particle of perjury. Why does not Mr. Dennison choose his postmasters, clerks, and route-agents from the ever-loyal blacks of South Carolina, since Congress has removed all disabilities for that service, and it is no longer a penal offence for a colored man to know how to read and write? Why not retort upon the South generally a little of the black-mailing which she attempted upon us here through her minions? Gov. Perry is clamorous for mail facilities, though it is likely that if his first speech at Greenville had come more promptly to Washington, he might never have enjoyed his provisional title. We doubt if, with all his professed desire for newspapers and letters, he would relish seeing colored employees in the Charleston office, from which, not many years ago, the mails were taken forcibly and burnt—by spontaneous combustion, if we remember, since they were charged with “incendiary” publications. However, beggars must not be choosers, and it does not follow that because a person cannot vote he cannot hold office under Government and receive a salary. There are postmistresses, and we wish Mr. Dennison would institute colored postmasters. Meanwhile, let us applaud his activity in arranging for the carriage of the mails on the Mississippi, and by the new route to Brazil; also, for a regular mail service between San Francisco and Hong Kong, China, via the Sandwich Islands and Kanagawa, Japan. The latter will not commence before Jan. 1, 1867. Twelve round trips per annum are to be made for \$500,000. As many will be made between New York and Rio Janeiro for \$300,000, touching at St. Thomas, Bahia, and Pernambuco.

IS the necrology of the week are embraced the names of Governor John Brough, of Ohio, and Mr. George Livermore, of Boston. Gov. Brough died at Cleveland on Tuesday, the 29th of August, of gangrene in the foot, accompanied by malignant carbuncle, from which he suffered for weeks before his decease. He was born in 1811, at Marietta, and became an office-holder through the familiar stages of law and journalism. He was largely identified with the railway interests of the State when the rebellion broke out and found him prompt to enrol himself among the War Democrats. He carried the election against Vallandigham by an unprecedented majority, and the universal tribute now paid to his memory explains the reason of his popularity. He was honest, energetic, and of native nobility of character. Mr. Livermore was a wool merchant, and one of the most thorough gentlemen in the trade. His leisure from business was devoted to literature, and especially to antiquarian studies. His work entitled an “Historical Research respecting the Opinions of the Founders of the Republic on Negroes as Slaves, as Citizens, and Soldiers,” was printed and circulated at his own expense, and helped efficiently to improve public sentiment on the subject of negro enlistments. After a prostration of twelve weeks from varicose veins, he succumbed to a stroke of paralysis, and died on Wednesday, August 30. He was but fifty-six years of age.

THE latest advices from Jamaica represent the existing state of things there to be really dreadful, and fully corroborate what we have

asserted of the wretched management of that island. Between an extraordinary drought and the grievous taxation of the necessities of life, the suffering of the poorer classes is extreme. Add to this that a petition of distress which was addressed by the blacks to the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Cardwell, was met with an exhortation to them to work more diligently than they had been doing, and that public feeling is so much aroused as to cause apprehensions of an outbreak.

News from the belligerents about the tributaries of the Plate River is chiefly favorable to the Paraguayans. They have recovered the guns from their disabled ships, and also from one of the enemy's vessels, and have driven the Brazilian fleet down stream by threatening it with land batteries. They have invaded Matto Grosso and other of the interior provinces of the empire, but have received a repulse not far from San Borja, in Rio Grande. Gen. Urquiza has lost his army by desertion.

THE spreading of the cattle-plague and the approach of the cholera, which has reached Marseilles, occupy the general attention of England. She has been also concerned in the celebration of the Emperor's birthday, so far as relates to the naval gathering at Cherbourg, whither she sent her iron-clads on the 14th. On the 18th the squadron proceeded to Brest. The festivities of the 15th were dampened by the most dreary weather. At Rouen an equestrian statue of the first Napoleon was uncovered by Marshal Vaillant, the deputed representative of the Emperor. The artist was a M. Vital-Dubray. The adventurous aeronaut, Godard, made an ascension on the same occasion, during which he was caught in a storm, and forced to abandon his balloon to save his life. At Lyons the bridges were freed from tolls, and a magnificent fountain in the Place Louis XVI. inaugurated. The Emperor dispensed numerous pardons, commutations, and reductions of penalties, and set at liberty several juvenile prisoners of La Roquette. The Empress also distributed 74,200 francs among seventy-five charitable societies in several cities. Close upon the heels of the report which we noticed last week, comes the announcement of a new farm-school, "with all the modern improvements," to be established, perhaps, in the department of Nièvre, where, as is not more wittily than truthfully added, "they will adopt a somewhat more sensible plan than that which isolates the youth in order to teach them to become 'sociable.'" Austria and Prussia have settled their quarrel. The latter buys Lauenburg of the former; the provisional government of the Duchies continues, Prussia managing Schleswig, and Austria Holstein. The Suez Canal was opened on the 17th of August, and a boat laden with coal passed through from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. The *Great Eastern* reached England in safety. A letter from Captain Anderson to Mr. Low, of this city, expresses his utmost confidence in the ultimate success of the cable. He does not believe that the faults were occasioned by malice, but by accident only. The attempt to recover the cable will not be made this year.

THE death of Mme. Charles Lemonnier at Paris has elicited a tribute to her eminent services to her sex. Desirous of ameliorating, by a practical education, the lot of women who have to labor for their subsistence, she undertook to found establishments for the professional instruction of young girls of scanty means. She solicited with great zeal subscriptions for this purpose from among her personal friends, but at first could raise comparatively little. For six years, beginning with 1856, she confined herself to sending a certain number of girls to Germany, to an institution such as she was contemplating for Paris. In 1862, the Society for the Professional Instruction of Women was at last constituted, and opened a school in the Rue de la Perle which was soon transferred to a much more commodious site in the Rue de Val Sainte-Catherine, where it still remains and numbers 133 pupils. Last November a new school was started in the Rue Rochecouart. The morning is occupied with such general studies as history, geography, etc., and other hours with industrial drawing, wood engraving, trade, the making-up of garments, linen-drapery, etc. "The success of the enterprise," we are told, "is no longer doubtful, and it should be declared the more loudly by as much as it is an initiatory work purely feminine."

"In France the state is quite disposed to believe that the citizens cannot succeed in founding anything good unless it lends them assistance; and men, for their part, are apt to imagine that women cannot dispense with them. By dispensing with them, as with the state, the society affords them at once a little lesson in humility, and a good example of self-government. It is exclusively composed of and conducted by women."

One of the principal bankers of Paris is building a sumptuous hall for artistic, scientific, and literary uses, and purposes bestowing a large portion of its revenue upon the society. We may note, in connection with the subject of female employment, that the printing-offices in France are now entered by a small but significant number of women, who are exciting the opposition of their male fellow compositors, much as we have witnessed it in this country. The *Journal de Saint-Petersbourg* mentions a stringent regulation of the University in 1863, which prohibited women from following the University courses. A Miss K., who had a decided taste for medicine without the means to devote herself to that profession, applied to the authorities of the country of Orenburg, offering to put the medical education she should receive at the Academy at the service of the Cossack inhabitants, who have superstitious scruples against being treated by men, and in consequence resort to ignorant female sorcerers. The ingenious application met with favor. Miss K. received permission to attend the Academy of Medicine, and the Cossacks of Orenburg assured her a stipend of 28 roubles a month. In May of the present year she passed the examinations for the first half of the course as well as most of the students, if not better, and the Cossacks sent her 300 roubles by way of encouragement. The case is altogether remarkable.

THE obelisk of Luxor, which was brought from Egypt to Paris in 1833, and set up in the Place de la Concorde three years later, is undergoing a restoration, or, rather, the pedestal on which it rests. For while the chiselling on the monolith itself has defied the ravages of time, the inscriptions on its base in gilded letters, on the northern and southern faces, along with the representations of the process of removing and erecting the obelisk, have been in large measure effaced and rendered illegible in the short space of thirty years. It is proposed to ornament the apex with a metallic star, such as one sees on the obelisks at Rome, but we hope this idea will not prevail. This obelisk is seventy-five and a half feet high, on a single block of granite sixteen and a half feet high; but the weight of the former is but twice and a half that of the latter. In Europe there are thirty-five Egyptian obelisks standing: fourteen in Italy, twelve of which are at Rome, two at Constantinople, five in England, and two in France—the second being at Arles.

THEY are discussing in France the meteorological influence of forests, before disposing of those which belong to the state. Against the theory of M. Boussingault, that the prevalence of woods tends to reduce the temperature, the testimony of Humboldt is cited: that no change whatever has been effected in the climate of America by reason of the wholesale destruction of trees which has taken place here. Mr. Marsh, in his "Man and Nature," takes exactly the opposite view, and his appeal to the recollection of by no means the oldest inhabitants will be supported. Our winters are both shorter and less severe than they used to be less than fifty years ago.

GEORGE PEABODY'S magnificent gift of \$750,000, for the purpose of constructing dwellings for the poor of London, has been partially expended in a huge brick building in what was one of the worst spots (morally) in London. It is divided into single rooms and suites of two and three, which are let at two, three, and five shillings a week respectively. There are four blocks, each of which will contain sixty families. The rooms are nine feet by twelve, and well ventilated, and the building is five stories high, and is furnished with space for drying clothes, washing-room, and a well capable of supplying 1,760 gallons of water. Similar structures are to be put up in other parts of the city. Some good men have begun a similar work for New York, but, unhappily, they confine themselves thus far to building houses for sale, and so bring little comfort to some of the most unfortunate victims of the "tenement houses."

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

THE RICHMOND PROTEST.

A MASS meeting was held at Richmond last week, which the correspondents of the morning papers pronounce to have been a "decided failure," but which, nevertheless, did succeed in uttering some very strong denunciations of the persistent and wicked efforts

"of a portion of the press and people of the Northern States to brand the people of the South with perfidy and insincerity in the honest attempts they have made, and are making, to resume their former relations with the Union, by questioning their fidelity and truth in the oaths of allegiance which they have taken, and, by vague and unsupported charges, that they desire, if they do not contemplate, further resistance to its authority."

Other resolutions proclaimed anew the submission of the South to the authority of the Government, and soundly rated "the so-called Radical party, which propose to the Southern States the alternative of negro suffrage or an indefinite exclusion from the benefits of a common and equal Union."

Now we have never doubted the sincerity of the desire expressed by the Southern people within the last three months to come back to the Union. Ever since Lee's defeat there has evidently been nothing they sought more eagerly. The reason why they have been so much denounced at the North, and why there is so strong a determination to keep them out of Congress, is that they have never given any of those signs of love for the Union, and have never offered any of those securities for their good behavior, which the people of the North, whether rightly or wrongly, have decided to be essential.

It is hardly necessary to argue with so sensible and practical a people as the Southerners the right of the North to impose these conditions. It seeks to impose them, as it believes, in the interest of its own safety, and in virtue of the power which it has won by the war. The South deliberately appealed to the sword, the consequences of such an appeal being, as the world has known ever since war began, that the vanquished shall take the law from the victor. It has been thoroughly beaten. The decision of its fate rests, therefore, with the North. It is very amusing to hear men who for four years have been shedding their blood like water for the destruction of this Government, railing now, when the sword has been stricken from their hands, over the monstrosity of not admitting them with alacrity to the position in which they stood before they took up arms at all.

They make a great fuss over the fact that they submit to the abolition of slavery, and think this should cover all other omissions. Well, it covers nothing whatever. We feel under no more obligation to them for submitting to the emancipation of the negroes than to Lee for surrendering Richmond, or to John Morgan for giving up the ghost. They have in this simply accepted an accomplished fact. It is absurd to talk or think of it as a concession made to the North, which can or ought to be made the basis of a compromise between the two sections, or which gives the planters a claim on our indulgence or forbearance. We ask them now, as proof of the sincerity of their professions and of their determination to promote a solid reunion, not for things which the war has already wrested from them, but for things which it is still in their power to yield or withhold; and one of them is, not "negro suffrage," as they sophistically call it, but equality before the law for all classes and conditions of people. This is what we exact of them; and it is our exacting this, and nothing more, that leads them to utter the dismal lamentations and reproaches which are wrapped up in the Richmond resolutions. "See how repentant and well behaved we are," they tell us; "we let the rain fall, and the rivers flow, without a word of remonstrance; but not content with this, the wicked radicals actually ask us to give our black neighbors the same securities against robbery, murder, and oppression which we enjoy ourselves."

It is worse than silly to tell people, at this time of day, that the

political condition of the negro at the South is no affair of ours. The blacks form a third of the Southern people, and constitute its whole laboring population. It is their social and political condition, therefore, which must determine whether it is safe or not for us to live under the same government with the Southern States; whether the rate of progress of these States is to be the same as ours; whether, in short, their civilization is to have the same character and drift as ours. So that the whole question has an interest for us altogether apart from any philanthropic concern we may feel for the negro. It is mischievous and false to talk of the matter as if it had no bearings but humanitarian ones. Whatever seems likely to interfere with order and progress at the South, as we understand them, and we have won by the war the right of defining them, threatens also the peace and welfare of the North; and we have therefore a right to look into the nature of the institutions under which the South proposes to come back and live with us. The exclusion of a large portion of the population over half our territory from the protection of the laws, is a matter with which we have everything to do. It is our affair politically to just the same extent that it is the affair of the South, for the simple reason that it is a national affair.

We have not the least desire, and we doubt if anybody has at the North, to bear heavily on the Southern people, or to misconstrue their intentions. But we can only judge of how they feel and think by their acts, and none of these have so far afforded any proof of a readiness on their part to advance one step further towards reconstruction and reunion than they were compelled by military power. We had a right to expect, if not as friends and neighbors, at least as victors, that the persons chosen to represent the South in the dealings with us would not be persons who had played a prominent part in the late unhappy troubles. No others, or next to none, have so far been elected. In the new constitutions that have been framed, slavery it is true has been declared abolished, which is about as valuable as a resolution declaring the grass green or the sky blue, but no disposition has been shown to give the Emancipation Proclamation effect, by placing the negroes under the protection of the law. These injured innocents in Richmond, these unhappy unprotected white men who are so horrified by our unwillingness to place our purse and sword and honor in their hands, will not even consent to give the blacks the simple right of being heard in a court of justice. The mere mention of it excites their rage, though we believe it is a right which no freeman in any civilized country has ever been refused, and a right without which a man stands in the position of a wild animal, and holds his life, limbs, and property at the mercy of every knave or ruffian in the community.

Southern men may be satisfied of one thing, and that is, that if the North be, as they say, vindictive, there is but one way of meeting and disarming its vindictiveness, and that is by doing justice. They have only to say that no legal distinction shall hereafter exist amongst them on account of color, and they will find the agitation about the negro which has so long raged here silent for ever. We do not ask them to turn over the government of their States to the ignorant. They may exact what qualifications they please in the way of intelligence or property from either voters or candidates for office, but we do insist upon it that they shall exact them of men of all colors. We propose until they do this to keep them out of Congress as long as we can, not because we take any delight in harassing them, or because it pleases us to see military government perpetuated amongst them, but because we consider their willingness to establish democratic institutions, to become really one people with us, can in no other way be proved. We ask them, in short, to do something more than accept the fact which we have forced on them at the point of the bayonet. So far, they have done nothing but throw down their arms, and obey the orders of our military commanders.

DEMOCRATIC DISTRESSES.

It was no idiosyncrasy of the Bourbons that "they remembered nothing and forgot nothing," and consequently learned nothing from the teachings of exile. The same infirmity of memory is incident to Democrats as well as to despots, accompanied by a like incapacity to profit by the lessons of their own experience. They remember perfectly well the golden days of Pierce and Buchanan, when they possessed the

land, and waxed fat on the milk and honey of office wherewith it flowed. They remember that it was through the alliance and helping of their Southern brethren that they had entered into this goodly heritage, and they long for a renewal of the fraternal alliance which shall restore it once again to them. They seem to have forgotten that it was through the treachery of those very allies that they were thrust from their paradise into the cold outer world, and that they see its gate

"With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms,"

whenever they cast a lingering look backward towards its portals—now, alas, closed against them. And they fail to discern, as it would seem, what a different world they live in from that of five years ago; how completely the fiery tide of war has swept away the old landmarks of parties, and how impossible it is to set them up again as of old. The restoration of the Bourbons was a failure, because the French nation had remembered everything while it had forgotten nothing; and the restoration of the old Democratic party is an impossibility, because the American people have also excellent memories, and intend to apply them to equally excellent uses.

The proceedings of the Democratic conventions in several of the States, lately, have been full of proofs that it is as impossible for inveterate politicians as for inveterate potentates to understand that times change and men change with them. To read their platforms, one might infer that there had been a considerable riot somewhere in the Southern country, which they had helped to put down, but which was not of consequence enough to justify interference with the regular exercise of their political rights by the rioters; that, in point of fact, the riot would have been prevented had the Democracy remained in power; and that it was the success of the party now in possession of the Government that brought the disturbance about. They affirm that the revolted States have never been out of the Union, and that they are entitled "to all their reserved rights and their due representation in Congress." They agree as to the horrors that would ensue from the admission of the negroes to citizenship, and the entire subjection of the white race to the black in the event of such a catastrophe. And they are unanimous, we believe, in making love to President Johnson, and trying to entice him to barter his position as the head of a great nation for that of the leader of a desperate faction. A good symptom of general public health may be discerned in the zeal they all profess for the maintenance of the national credit and the payment of the public debt—a zeal which they can hardly expect to be shared by the prodigal brethren they are inviting to return from the husks of rebellion to the old Democratic homestead. All, we believe; unless it be the *Split* Convention held at Columbus, Ohio, which, if we understand the abridgment of its doings that we have seen, went squarely against the debt and in favor of free trade, and flatly denied the right of the Government to emancipate the slaves—a question which the more responsible bodies either avoided entirely or touched only inferentially.

We suppose that the hackneyed politicians who made up the mass of these conventions are beyond the reach of grace. They must be given over to a reprobate mind and to the idols to which they are joined. Like old drunkards, their case is hopeless; but we would uplift a warning voice to the young who are just entering on the devious ways of politics, and bid them beware of casting in their lot with those broken-down tempters. The whole ground on which they used to stand, as if established for ever, has been utterly cut away from under their feet by the sword of the nation. The whole state of public feeling is radically changed from what it was then. The revolution in public opinion which, having begun, was sure to go on and ultimately prevail, has been hurried forward a half century by the suicidal hands of the Southern Democracy; and it is one that will never go backward.

Up to the time of the election of 1860 the nation was at ease in its possessions, making money, growing in population, lightly taxed, and having all the substantial elements of material prosperity in abundance. It shrank from any disturbance of its repose. Above all, it shuddered at civil war and intestine strife. It was content to let the Democratic party of the North, with the assistance of the Southern slaveholders, rule and revel, provided it could enjoy tranquillity in its borders for the time, and have the evil day postponed. The bullying of the slaveholders, though only half believed to be in earnest, was allowed to

shape the policy of the nation, and keep the party which incarnated it in power. But the bullies were not content with this dispensation. Like the boy in the fable, the diurnal egg of gold was not enough for their greed; they must needs hew the Democratic goose in twain, in hopes of securing an inexhaustible treasure at a stroke. The result we know. The old Democratic party, thus slain in the house of its friends, it is in vain to endeavor to galvanize into a ghastly show of life again. Its particles must live in new forms and under new conditions, or suffer political annihilation.

The people, as we have said, have the best of memories. They remember well the rule of the Democratic party under the nominal headship of Pierce and Buchanan, but under the real dictation of the slave power. They remember how the rebellion was contrived, and all the particulars of the plot arranged under those auspices. They have not forgotten the disadvantages under which they therefore entered into their struggle for life. Their dangers from false friends, all of the Democratic brand, are fresh on their minds. They bitterly call up the cruel cost in the blood of their best and bravest at which their freedom has been purchased. All this will not be blotted from their memories by the "glittering generalities" or the commonplaces of the Democratic party. The people have learned, further, that they can exist without the help of the South—that they can not only exist, but thrive and grow rich and increase in goods, while it is the South that is one great almshouse supported by their charity. The old prestige of slaveholding wealth and chivalry is gone for ever. The nation does not intend that its paupers shall govern it just yet, and it will take all needful precautions to hinder this consummation so devoutly wished for by hungry Copperheads—yes, even if one of them be to erect the loyal negroes into citizens, to guard by the ballot what they have won by the bayonet.

And this it is our painful task to assure the Pennsylvania Democrats they will have to submit to. The idea of negro suffrage was as repugnant five years ago to the great mass of the Northern people as it is now to them. But the idea has been thrust into the minds of the most intelligent portion of the people, including all the best part of the old Democratic party, by the action of the rebels and their Northern friends. And the leaven is fast leavening the whole lump. It is a matter of simple self-defence. The white rebels of the South are not to be trusted with power unless the black loyalists keep them in check. The nation is not going to set the rebel beggar on horseback that he may ride to the devil and drag it after him into the pit. He may have indemnity for the past when we have the security for the future which the equal citizenship of the negro will give us. Anything short of this would be nothing less than national suicide; and the nation has not fought for its life so long and so hard to die now by its own silly hand. If the Democrats had but the wisdom that is profitable to direct a party under difficulties to success, they would cease their old habits of servility to the white men of the South, and try to conciliate the black men by showing that they really believe in the democratic principles they profess by helping them to their equal political rights. They may find themselves in power again, some day, by this method, but by no other. But we fear their case is past advice.

COTTON CULTURE.

It is now pretty well ascertained that the large estimates of old cotton on hand at the close of the rebellion were erroneous, and it is not probable that over one and a quarter million bales will come to market in sound condition. There are still some estimates higher than this, but there are many more that are lower. There was probably quite a large planting for this season, possibly for a crop of 700,000 bales; but the sudden collapse of the Confederate authority disorganized the old system of labor just at the most critical season, when continuous labor is needed to prevent the weeds from choking the young cotton plant, whose first growth is very slow, and it is not probable that over one half the crop planted will be made. From the best information now attainable, one and a half million bales of American cotton must supply the world's need from about July 1, 1865, to October 1, 1866, at which date a moderate supply of the crop of 1866 will be coming in. At the first glance it would seem to be a misfortune

to the country that the available supply should be so small, but a little reflection will prove that this is the most desirable condition in which we could be placed.

Consumers of cotton cloth will have to pay a little more; but as the average consumption of the country, with the factories all in operation, never exceeded ten pounds of cotton a head per annum, the difference between twenty cents and forty cents per pound is no very severe burden; and forty cents per pound secures good order and peace in the cotton States, whatever may be the political mismanagement. Disorder cannot exist, and ill-treatment of the colored laborer will be impossible, when it shall appear that his labor will produce from \$1,000 to \$1,600 in gold value, besides all the food he can require. The total consumption of cotton in 1860 north of the Potomac was about 800,000 bales; south of the Potomac, about 150,000 bales. The present rate of consumption north of the Potomac is about 10,000 bales per week—say 500,000 bales per annum; and the consumption South was much increased during the war by the manufacture of home-spun cloth.

If we take the supply for fifteen months at 1,500,000 bales, this country will require one half, leaving 700,000 to 800,000 bales for export; and whenever it shall be demonstrated that such are the facts, even though this supply should all come in during the six months from September 1, it must be taken at a very high price, and if at twenty pence per pound in Liverpool, the amount placed to the credit of this country in gold value will be \$130,000,000 to \$140,000,000.

England must take American cotton, even though her supply of short staples be very large. The dread of an immense influx of American cotton held back by the war being removed, her market for cotton goods has re-opened with a fair demand, and her mills are now on two-thirds speed, but such has been the migration or change of employment of Lancashire operatives that labor is now very scarce; and when labor is scarce, the mills operating on American cotton will draw all the hands from the mills working Surats, even at the same rates of pay, because the work is so much easier.

We have said that with forty cents per pound once established as the price of cotton (or even twenty-five cents per pound), good order will be secured and ill treatment of the laborer impossible. Every landholder will endeavor to plant the largest possible crop, and he who ill-treats or underpays his hands must lose them. And here must come the solution of the labor question. It is believed that the Northern planter will succeed, because he will be familiar with the Northern system of piece or job work, while the old planter will fail in the attempt to secure persistent labor on the old task system of slavery, which put every man on a dead level.

The first requisite for the free-labor cotton planter is to recognize two facts:

- 1st, That the negro is a man.
- 2d, That there is a great deal of human nature in man.

Now, every one familiar with human nature, as developed in the laborer, knows that work by the job or piece establishes as the standard of accomplishment the amount of work done by the best man, while work by the day or month, or by the task, establishes the standard by the laziest or most incompetent.

The plan of sharing the crop with the laborer, or what is called the contract system, is an unfortunate necessity now, because the planter has not the means of making weekly or monthly payments; but it would be very unreasonable to expect the great mass of negro laborers, just emerging from the barbarism and ignorance of slavery, to work faithfully and persistently for a share of a crop of uncertain value, payable at a distant date by men who have up to this time defrauded them of their natural rights. Verily, if the negro does work well under that system, he will prove not only his equality but his absolute superiority over any other class of laborers in the world.

The plan by which Northern men will succeed (and this is no theoretic plan, but one which has been fully tried upon the Sea Islands, and from which results have been obtained in two years of over two hundred per cent. upon the capital invested, and which has also been tried with success upon the Mississippi River and in Tennessee)—the true plan is, to cultivate cotton by job or piece work, with prompt weekly or monthly payments of moderate amount, not sufficient to induce idleness

from excess of wages, with full payment completed when the crop is made and baled; and with this may well be combined a small share in the result. But the essential element is a moderate payment, at short stated periods, based upon the amount of work done. By this the human nature in the negro man will be worked upon, individuality will be developed, the intelligent and industrious will reap his reward—the lazy and thriftless will be discharged.

On a Sea Island plantation the old slave-master's task for ginning Sea Island cotton on a hand-gin was thirty pounds per day, and this was considered hard work; but on the same plantation, the old, superannuated laborer made free, who had been almost cast aside by his owner as past service, found that at two cents per pound he could gin sixty pounds per day. This is absolute fact.

There can be nothing more simple for an intelligent employer than to cultivate cotton by the job or piece. Let him allow each laborer to assume charge of as much cotton land as he will undertake, not exceeding ten acres; hold him responsible for raising or purchasing his own food; furnish him good tools, charging him for breakage or loss; pay him for ploughing and listing by the acre, for hoeing by the acre, and if he hoes it oftener than usual, so much the better; when picking comes on, the hardest work of the season, pay him by the pound, ginning by the pound, and packing or baling by the bale. Pay him promptly, at each date agreed, all that you have agreed, and at the end of the season his bonus or share, and a good crop cannot fail to be made; on good land, not less than a bale to the acre.

The great danger to the negro will be that such will be the competition for his labor as to cause his wages to increase faster than his wants, and thus cause him to become idle. The only possible cure for this is, by education to raise his standard of life; and how rapidly this will be accomplished, has been proved by the demand of the stores established upon the Sea Islands changing from the coarse and simple requirements of a slave population to a demand nearly like that of a New England village.

JUDGE EDMONDS, ON "SPIRITUALISM."

It is astonishing to find a man like Judge Edmonds resorting, in defense of what he claims to be supernatural manifestations, to the baldest Paleyan materialism. Yet this is precisely the philosophical blunder into which the learned lawyer is betrayed in his late letter to the *Herald* on the Colchester trial. In arguing for the truth of spiritual manifestations, Judge Edmonds says:

"But you and others say—and very naturally—first satisfy us that there is such a communication with such an unseen intelligence.

"How can we do that? Some there are who cannot receive the evidence unless it is presented to themselves and through their senses.

"Such was my own condition. I refused to believe, and did not, until all my senses—hearing, seeing, feeling, tasting, and smelling—were appealed to."

We desire to say nothing here of the credibility or incredibility of that which is called "spiritualism." It is of the methods by which Judge Edmonds professes to have attained his present convictions that we wish to speak. He refused to believe until all his senses were appealed to successfully. When these had been fully satisfied, the judge, through the aid of his ears and of his eyes, of his fingers, his palate, and his nose, listened, looked, felt, tasted, and smelled his way from one sphere of the invisible world to another, until the very glories of the seventh heaven burst at once upon his sight and his nostrils! His language admits of this construction only. "Such," he says, "was my own condition. I refused to believe until all my senses were appealed to."

There is, to us, something melancholy in this confession. It is not merely full of psychological confusion, but it displays either a profound ignorance of the methods adopted by sound modern thinkers, or an utter indifference to the loftiest evidences of revelation. If we may say so, Judge Edmonds reasons from the tail to the head—from his conclusions to his premises. He believes upon grounds upon which other men disbelieve; he makes common cause with the grossest materialism, and then insists upon its falsity; he would get bread from stones, and fishes from serpents, and is utterly unable to perceive that from physical phenomena nothing can be logically deduced except physical truth.

Judge Edmonds bases his spiritual belief, at least upon the present occasion, upon an assumption of his own perfect acquaintance with every natural law, and does not see that two or three discoveries, no greater, no more unexpected, than many which have occurred within the memory of the living, might explain to the satisfaction and comprehension of the simplest a perfect conformity between the most startling wonders of "the circle" and the laws which regulate the material universe. It is not necessary for the purposes of the argument to assume that all "mediums" are jugglers and cheats. The raps may be honest, the tipplings inexplicable for the present, the various parts of the exhibition quite beyond our comprehension; but after all our gaping wonder, after all our tremulous fright, nothing like the doctrine of spiritual manifestations has been proved, or begun to be proved. We are as far as ever from the spheres and the bright intelligences. For the evidence does not, in the nature of the case, apply to that which is to be demonstrated. It is like saying that water runs down hill because two and two make four, or that nature abhors a vacuum because a straight line is the shortest distance from one point to another. This unhappy incongruity of ideas has pervaded half the so called "revelations" which it has been our ill fortune to read. The celestial is but a rigid prolongation of the natural and terrestrial; the "spiritual" only the material in an exaggerated and often nonsensical form. The pretension is lofty, and the performance is mean. It is true that mortal language is incompetent to express the glories of immortality; but the inspired teachers of man through whom God has spoken to his children of the mysteries of the future, have always maintained an elevated dignity of style, and have given us high poetic pictures instead of the tinsel scenery of the theatre. Or to compare one mere mortal with another, what is there in the books of Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis to lead us to believe that he has a clearer vision of heaven than was given to the blind eyes of one

"— that rode sublime
Upon the scarp wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of the abyss to spy;
He passed the flaming bounds of space and time,
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze;
He saw, but, blasted with excessive light,
Closed his eyes in endless night."

We might extend our argument, drawn from the material character of these revelations of modern times, but we have already been led further into these discussions than we originally intended. We have particularly desired to point out that the foundations upon which Judge Edmonds rests his belief are utterly inconsistent with the belief itself. There is a gaping abyss between the intellectual grounds of his faith and its secondary developments, which no logical ingenuity can bridge. It would have been far safer to have argued from his religion to his raps, than from his raps to his religion. His statements are of importance, because he is one of the best educated men of his creed in the country. What he says is authoritative; and we have therefore taken the trouble to point out what appears to us to be a fatal flaw in his logic.

THE PROGRESS OF NATIONAL WEALTH.

THE burthen of a nation's debt should be judged, not so much by what it can bear at present as by its probable future of wealth and resources. The world itself is progressive; the world of trade, and commerce, and industrial skill in such states as Great Britain and the United States especially so. What seemed a burden of debt to the former a century ago, too great to be borne, was scarcely equal to two years' British taxation in the present day. The social and material improvement of the empire has been in a compound ratio to the multiplication of debt. The late Lord Macaulay, in one of his powerful papers in the "Edinburgh Review," eloquently illustrated this truth as early as 1830, and in replying to the theory of Mr. Southey of social retrogression, concluded with the pregnant question, "On what principle is it that when we see nothing but improvement behind us, we are to expect nothing but deterioration before us?"

The fears expressed of national bankruptcy by some of the wisest heads of the eighteenth century, are not more striking at this distance of time than their complete dissipation by the steady march of social and material improvement, and the stupendous energy of the English people at the beginning of the present century. Both are happily

illustrated by the great reviewer. He relates that after the wars of Marlborough, closing with the Treaty of Utrecht, had left a debt of £50,000,000 sterling, and £6,000,000 a year expenses, Dean Swift declared the country ruined. When the seven years' war had increased the debt to one hundred and forty millions, Junius sarcastically remarked that Lord Chatham had left the Government a legacy of debt for which the country could not be sufficiently grateful, since it could never be repaid. And so the wise heads of all parties after the American war regarded the enlarged debt, in 1783, of £240,000,000, as a burthen almost too great to be successfully grappled by statesmanship. Yet, in less than forty years after the Treaty of Vienna, the grand total had been swelled to £800,000,000 sterling, or *four thousand millions of dollars*, and the country has advanced and flourished under it for fifty years, to a degree that Lord Macaulay himself could not have dreamed of in 1830. Indeed, half the wonders that he then predicted as likely to occur in material wealth and advancement before the year of grace 1930 (such, for example, as travelling almost exclusively by steam), had actually come to pass before the author of the prediction was laid in his tomb thirty years afterwards.

We do not start out with these examples to prove our national debt a national "blessing," for we hold no such opinion. But it would not be difficult to illustrate in a similar way the groundlessness of the fears entertained at the present time about providing the interest on our large debt, as well as about the ability of the country to pay the principal as it comes to maturity in the next twenty or forty years. We may without outraging probability look for a far greater rate of progress here in all that relates to trade, both foreign and domestic; to manufactures; to gold and silver mining; to the multiplication of private fortunes, the magnitude of incomes, the growth of population, and the distribution of taxes and imposts; and not least in importance, in the proportion of the last to the civil expenses of the Government, including the charge of the public debt.

When the United States, as a constitutional government, was founded in 1789, our population was 3,443,070; our Revolutionary public debt, \$75,463,476; the foreign trade of the country, in exports and imports, \$43,205,150. On emerging from the second war with Great Britain in 1815-16, our public debt, which had been previously reduced to \$45,209,738, had increased to \$127,334,934. In fifteen years thereafter the whole of this sum had been paid off, or provided to be paid on the presentation of the United States stock then held in Europe. Our foreign trade in 1830 had reached \$143,726,438; population, 12,866,020. Such was our first experience with public debt. The popular ideas of the burthen of debt in 1816 in this country were much the same as Dean Swift's notion of the British debt almost a century before. It was felt to be a large undertaking for a people numbering about 7,500,000. But statesmanship did not hesitate to grapple it. The tariff was revised under the lead of Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Clay; a national currency was established through the Bank of the United States, internal taxes levied, and a complete American system adopted for paying off the public debt, and economizing the civil expenses of the Government. The main object was accomplished, as we have remarked, in fifteen years. It is a significant fact that John Quincy Adams, one of the purest and ablest Presidents of the Revolutionary stock, was beaten on his second nomination, partly because he spent thirteen millions (\$13,062,316) in 1828 to conduct the civil expenses of the Government, and partly for the bare suspicion that he had brought part of this enormous Federal patronage to bear on the freedom of elections!

After the defeat of Mr. Adams, the expenses of the Government were rapidly doubled by his successors, Gen. Jackson and Mr. Van Buren, and quadrupled at a later period by Mr. Pierce and Mr. Buchanan. The last year of Mr. Pierce cost, for the civil administration alone, over *sixty millions* (\$60,924,037), which fact was scarcely noted in the canvass of 1856, so greatly had the popular ideas of economy changed in less than thirty years, when another President of the same politics, Mr. Buchanan, was elected, who in turn spent \$60,333,836 in the closing year of his administration without attracting notice on the score of extravagance. The foreign trade of the country had increased from \$143,726,428 in 1830 to \$762,286,237 in 1860; population from 12,866,020 to 31,620,000.

Another striking illustration of the progression of figures, and the change of popular ideas thereon, is found in the relations of the cotton trade to our foreign commerce. The exports of this staple advanced from \$20,157,484 in 1821 to \$191,806,555 in 1860. They constituted nearly one half the whole export trade of the year before the rebellion. During the greater part of this forty years' rapid progress in the cotton interest, the popular belief was that the country would be absolutely bankrupted without it; that this immense product of slave-labor could not be dispensed with except at the price of our entire commerce; and that no political concession to the slave oligarchy or cotton-planting interest of the South could be too great to save the Union from disintegration and our material interests from ruin. This error was common at the North. It became an infatuation, as well as fallacy, at the South. It was soon exploded in the loyal States; it proved fatal only to the States in insurrection. In less than two years after the troubles began, the North had learned to do without Southern cotton. In four years it was scarcely missed from our list of exports. In two years, and before the value of our currency had changed, the great North-western and Middle States had trebled their exports of bread and provisions, from \$45,271,850 in June 30, 1860, to \$119,338,785 in June 30, 1862, and, adapting themselves to the altered state of things, they had diminished the consumption of foreign merchandise to \$6 88 per caput from \$10 50 per caput North and South before the war.

But this is but a brief episode in the history of the American cotton trade. The experience of the war only proves that our loyal people can do without it; not that its importance to the commerce of the country has been overlooked. It now takes a fresh start in its career of usefulness on the enduring basis of free labor. And the young merchant is now living who will witness a product of ten, if not twelve, millions—a domestic consumption of three or five millions, and an export to foreign states of seven or eight millions.

What is true of the relation of the cotton-planting and cotton-producing wealth of the South to the maintenance of the public credit, is equally true of the products of farm labor in the West, and of the Pacific States in gold and silver mining. Each interest is destined to produce an annual surplus for export, the extent of which will more than authorize the consumption of five or six hundred millions in value of imported goods, provided always our own skilled labor shall not render such a movement uncalled for. The question, so far as excise and impost taxes are concerned, is one of policy rather than ability. The adequate revenue can be had in either way. The charge of interest on the public debt, and the sinking fund for the payment of the principal, are within the easy control of the Government in any event. The time is not far distant when the payment of \$150,000,000 annual interest on three thousand millions of debt, and the application of \$100,000,000 yearly to the liquidation of the principal, will be deemed not only a practicable but extremely easy achievement. The maximum of the debt has been, or is about to be, reached, as in England soon after the Treaty of Vienna. Our ability to pay the accruing interest, and our means, including the growth of private incomes, to liquidate the principal, are, so to speak, but in their infancy. These means will not be wasted or diverted. Our people will never dream of repudiation, but are not the less restive under public debt. They want to be rid of the burthen rather than keep it stationary, or perpetuate it to succeeding generations. And herein we differ from the English people. They have been raising and paying from £60,000,000 to £70,000,000 sterling, or \$300,000,000 or \$350,000,000, yearly for the support of the civil expenses of their Government, and the interest charged upon their public debt, for a score of years or more. Their imposts, though reduced since the era of free trade, are still equal to \$115,000,000 or \$120,000,000 of our money. These about support the interest on the funded debt. They raise little or nothing in liquidation of the principal. Their Chancellors of Exchequer study to adjust both customs and excise to the exact wants of the civil service and the interest on the public debt. The sinking fund, projected by the younger Pitt, has been lost sight of. Their statesmen of the present day, to all appearances, really accept the public debt as a national blessing, and whenever the Chancellor's budget happens to produce a few millions in excess, his next step is to take

something off the tax upon tea or abate something on the income tax or sugar duties. He has no thought of the principal of the great debt of the nation. The example, we venture to predict, will not be copied by our own statesmen or tolerated by our people. It is not desirable that it should be.

THE INCOME TAX.—A CONTRAST.

No fact speaks so well for the loyalty of the American people, and in support of their determination to pay their debts, as the readiness with which they submit to the payment of war taxes in time of peace. It is true that there has been no opportunity to make an effort to obtain a repeal of taxes since the war was closed. Congress adjourned almost seven weeks before General Lee threw down his sword and gave up his army and his cause; and Congress alone has the power to change the laws regulating taxation. But if any feeling hostile to taxation existed it would find present expression with a view to a change. The income tax, which is, and from its nature must ever be, a peculiarly unpleasing imposition, would have been assailed with vigor from the day that peace was assured, were the people in a state of discontent. Yet nothing is said against it, though for weeks past men have been paying millions upon millions derived from it.

In this respect the conduct of the American democracy forms a striking contrast to that of the English aristocracy half a century since. When the income tax was first proposed in Great Britain by Mr. Pitt, the war with revolutionary France being then at its height, he solemnly declared "that it should be a war tax only, and should positively cease on the restoration of peace." Mr. Pitt had been almost ten years in his grave before that war was brought to a final close, the truce of Amiens not counting for anything; but the Liverpool Ministry, when Parliament met at the beginning of 1816, were by no means disposed to redeem Mr. Pitt's pledge, though the act enforcing the tax declared it to be "for and during the continuance of the war, and no longer." They knew that the country needed money, and that they could not safely give up the tax, no matter how strong the pledge to give it up had been made. They resolved upon a compromise. They would not repeal the tax, but they would reduce it from ten per cent. to five per cent. They had every reason to suppose that their plan would be carried easily through the House of Commons, in which body they were so strong that they had had a majority of one hundred and sixty-three on the address in response to the royal speech, after a debate that lasted through two nights. They counted on a majority of forty for their measure, and the opposition allowed them twenty. The question came to a decision on the 18th of March, 1816, "after a debate," says Lord Brougham, "that did not last half an hour; no one would, indeed, be heard in an assembly so impatient for the decision; and by a majority of thirty-seven voices the tax was defeated for ever, and the wholesome principle, as Mr. Wilberforce well observed, was laid down that war and income tax are wedded together." None but ministers were astonished at the result, for the demand for repeal was all but unanimous outside of Parliament, and had that body really represented popular feeling, there would not have been forty votes for the tax in the Commons. Patricians and paupers were of one mind on the subject. Lord Brougham was wrong when he said that the tax was defeated for ever, as Sir Robert Peel caused it to be imposed upon Great Britain again in little more than a quarter of a century, but it may be said that Sir Robert was justified in regarding his action in the light of a war measure, as the hostilities carried on by England in China and Afghanistan, and a little later in the Punjab, made an income tax really necessary. The Syrian war, too, had its part in adding to the embarrassment of British finances. The Russian war made the continuance of the tax necessary; and the sort of war-in-peace life that England has been living for almost fifteen years with France, and the Sepoy war, have done much to render the income tax permanent. But the fact that in 1816 the English nation all but unanimously demanded the repeal of the income tax, though their Government was embarrassed, and their debt exceeded £800,000,000, is on record; and the unanimity of that demand contrasts strongly with the silence of the American people on their income tax. It is true that no promise was made, in our case, that the tax should cease with the war; but probably it was taken for granted that it would be repealed

as soon as hostilities should be over, as to impose it was an extreme measure, and to be justified only by the existence of war. It is a tax that can be defended only by the necessity of the case, seeing that it bears hard upon men of moderate means, and that it is by its nature essentially inquisitorial, and places every one's business and modes of life at the mercy of tax-gatherers, who in all ages have been regarded as the most odious of mankind. That so little complaint should have been made of it, and that its early removal is not urged, are facts that deserve honorable mention as much as anything that is connected with the history of the late struggle. They show that an earnest determination exists on the part of the people to bear the burdens of war in time of peace, rather than allow any doubt to exist as to their intention honorably to discharge all their obligations. When the English sought immediate relief from their burdens, and could not be made to understand that peace should for some time be as costly as war, they were charged with being under the dominion of "an ignorant impatience of taxation." No such charge can be brought against Americans, and thus far the democratical form of government has been better sustained by the people than was the aristocratical form. What may happen in the future, the future will decide; but for four years this country, so often accused of meanness in all that relates to money matters, has exhibited the by no means common spectacle of a people more ready to be taxed than Government was to tax them; and all that is really bad in our financial condition is owing to Government's not being early ready to impose burdens while the people early were ready to bear.

Correspondence.

THE GRATE EASTURN."

NEW YORK

August 25

1865

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR,

I have bin told that you ave put me in your paper i am a decent man and i dont mean to stand it ef i chose to keep my ouse dirty its none of your biznes i wil see Mr Howe about it but i wil settel it without trubble for 5 hundred dollars

Yours &c

JAMES MULLIGAN

No. 137 E 37 St

Grate Easturn

Pleas Ansur Soon

[The "Grate Easturn" is a huge tenement house in Thirty-seventh Street, in this city, containing, we are afraid to say how many families, crowded in the most shocking manner. We alluded in No. 8 to the probability that, when the cholera comes, it and others like it will breed and spread the pestilence in its worst form.—ED. NATION.]

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

VIII.

LYNCHBURG, VA., Aug. 24, 1865.

In compliance with an invitation given me yesterday, I paid a visit to a large farm, situated within twenty miles of this city, and, so far as I could, examined the working of the new system of labor, as it exists under an employer utterly opposed to it, who denies its justice and expediency, disbelieves in its long continuance, and accepts it only on compulsion, and only so much of it as he is forced to accept. On his plantation it is a failure, he says, and he thinks it destined to fail everywhere.

The farm contains nearly twelve hundred acres, of which the greater part is covered with timber, and but four hundred and fifty acres are of arable land. Formerly, a good deal of tobacco was got from it, but during and since the war it has been used for the production of Indian corn and wheat. "I did not consider it patriotic to raise anything else," said the owner; "I could not plant tobacco while the country was starving for food. This year I have a few hills—an acre and a half—just to give the people what they want for chewing and smoking."

There are now on the place about sixty negroes, of whom twenty-one are able-bodied men and women, who have been employed upon the crops of this year; the rest are reported as being infirm people and children. I

learned, however, that the care of infants, the cooking of the laborers' meals, and all house service at the owner's residence, is done by persons classed among the children and infirm. This latter class, I was told, is exceptionally large on this plantation, because the old gentleman who owns it, and whose long life has been mainly passed in the practice of his profession and in congressional service, has never carried on farming with a view to making it profitable, and has always been an indulgent master. He claims this character for himself. "I never bought a nigger in all my life, sir; and I never sold or whipped but one. Have I ever ordered you to punish any one of them, Mr. W——?" said he to his overseer. "I believe you never did, colonel." "That single one was a thief in grain, sir. As good a laborer as we had, but he would steal a sheep every week of his life. He baffled us repeatedly, but, finally, sir, we caught the rascal; took him red-handed—the mutton in his cabin and the skin in his yard. I ordered him a sound whipping, which he richly deserved, though I knew he was entirely incorrigible. Then I told my overseer to take him down, tie the skin on his back, with the ram's horns over his head, lead him into the city with a rope around his neck, and sell him for whatever he'd bring. The overseer begged to be excused from cutting such a figure in the streets, so I sold him in his own skin only, and satisfied my conscience by a verbal announcement that he was the most accomplished sheep-stealer in the Old Dominion. I have owned slaves now for five-and-forty years, and he is the only one ever whipped by my order; so you can judge if I am a hard master."

"I wish still," he continued, "to treat my people in the same way, but they are fast making it impossible for me to do so. There are always some bad men in every hundred, and now the bad niggers spoil the rest. Since mine were freed, they have become lazy, stubborn, and impudent. They know that they have escaped from all government; that we cannot chastise them. And they are not like white people. I begin to believe that they are without gratitude. Mine appear to have forgotten all the kindness and lenity with which they have been treated by me and my family."

"You've had considerable trouble, colonel, I understand," said my companion, who was armed with authority to investigate and settle disturbances and disputes on the plantations.

"Yes, sir. I am sorry to put you gentlemen in Lynchburg to so much inconvenience, but what can we do? The Government has taken away all coercive power from us; a negro does what he likes, and I cannot inflict adequate punishment, nor have him punished without riding up to the city. The troubles we have all grow out of the complete anarchy in which our negro population now is. It was only day before yesterday that my daughter-in-law told one of the servants to do some simple thing—hang out clothes, I believe. Three times she told her without being able to secure her obedience, and I had to be called in. Really, gentlemen, I did not know how to proceed. I decided to banish her. We have on the place a house that stands alone at some distance from any other, occupied by an old blind man, Uncle Tom by name. 'Go, Elsie,' said I, 'go down to Uncle Tom's cabin: I banish you the house till you can behave yourself. Take your rations along, and stay till we send for you to come back. You shall live in exile, with nothing to do but to eat and sleep.' I could think of nothing else to do with her. We have no means of making them obey, unless they choose to do it of their own free will."

"What's to-day's case, colonel?"

"Another one of the house girls, on the day after this occurred, was rebuked by my son for negligence, and made a very improper reply. My son boxed her ears—gave her two slaps on the side of the face with his hand, that was the whole of it. She immediately left her work, all unfinished, and betook herself to her father's house. My son sent for her, but she did not return, and we have seen nothing of her since."

"Is she at home now?"

"In the woods, I reckon," said the overseer; "she a'n't on the place. It's her father's fault. I told him, 'London, take the gal and give her a whalin' for her impudence, and make her beg Mr. John's pardon.' He would n't though. He's the one's in fault, he's so grouty."

"I went to him, myself," said the colonel, "and told him he must chastise the girl, and that she must express contrition for the offence. What answer do you think he made, gentlemen? 'That up at Lynchburg they knew the law better than he did, and I'd better go there if I had a complaint against Rose: that Rose said she had n't done anything.'"

"Now, sir, I want that man removed from my plantation. Nothing would induce me to let him stay here, and he shall not, unless the authorities in Lynchburg compel me to permit him. Such insubordination I cannot tolerate."

"Where is the man?" said my companion; "I'd like to see him if he can be found."

"He a'n't in the field," the overseer answered. "I'm just in from thar, and he a'n't out to-day. He's at his house, I believe."

"Well, sir, the overseer will take you down to the quarters. I will not go. I do not wish my presence to be a restraint upon their answers."

We went to the negro cabins, the overseer, as we walked along, talking about the condition of the plantation.

"I swar, I thought we'd go through without any more durn trouble; did n't think you'd have to come up again. I've been gettin' on right well with 'em, myself: ha' n't had to strike a lick. We had a considerable muss about two month ago, but the man quieted down again, and now I would n't ask no better hand than he is. His brother had been havin' some hard talk with the colonel one day, and, as I come on up from the tobacco lot, I seen 'em all round the corn-house, and I went along toward 'em. On the way, this boy met me, and he opened on me right away. 'It's you,' he says, 'made this muss 'twixt the master and Jim: it's all through what you told on him.' I was perfectly clar, you see; did n't know what the to-do was, anyhow, and it made me mad to hear him. Oh, he spoke almighty careless, I kin tell you, gentlemen,—sassy. Says I, 'You shet up, quick.' I had my pistol with me, and I drewed it. 'Say another word,' says I, 'and durn me but I'll blow your brains out. I'll put a hole through you whar you stand.' He shet right up. If he had n't I'd ha' killed him, sure, I would. He was dreadful nigh it for a minute. Since then, everything's gone on quiet and peaceable; but the colonel's pretty mad, now: it's the old man he's mad with. Well, it's his fault. I told one o' these gals, the other day, to go get the cows out o' the corn. They'd broke in. She started, after two or three biddins, and she went so deliberate it fretted me so that I went after her. 'I told you to jump,' says I, and I give her a whalin'. Her father he thought that war n't right. 'You make her step, then, old man,' says I; 'she's got to move when I talk; but if you'll take the whalin' part on yourself, I'll give it up.' Well, now, when I find fault he does whale her. That's what London ought to do."

While this discourse was going on we reached the negro cabins. Two or three women were there, and some nursing children. As we approached they eyed us with no very pleasant expression of countenance. The overseer enquired whether London was at home. The woman who answered was his sister-in-law, and the cause of her sulky manner appeared in her reply:

"How! Bro' Lunnun no gone since mornin'? Bro' Lunnun hear say master gone to Lynchburg yesterday, come back, say Lunnun, for leave dis place to-day. I dunno whar Bro' Lunnun now."

The wife, however, was at home, and was requested to give her version of the trouble between her employer and Rose. "Her daughter had been sick," she said, "and went late to her work on the morning in question. When asked why she had not come earlier, she answered that she came as soon as she could—that she was sick. Rose was not very late."

"T'was an hour by sun when I see her," said the overseer, "and I heard she said she could n't come, she was a-makin' her bed."

"Well, Juliana, did her master strike her?"

"Not master," the woman said, "mass' John he hit her over the head: 'cordin' to what Rose say."

"Did he hit her hard?"

"No more'n her nose was bleedin' when she came back."

"Well now, aunty, she's a little girl; you box her ears when she offends you; why did n't London promise the colonel to make her behave herself?"

The woman knew nothing about what talk the colonel had with London, she said; the servants at the house would get along well enough, except that one of the ladies was too hard to please. Rose had done nothing. Yes, she knew she was bound to work, and keep a good character; so she did.

After the women had received some exhortations to industry and respectful deportment, we went up to the overseer's house, a mud-plastered cabin with two rooms, where the colonel was awaiting our return. He persisted in his request that the man London, and his family, should be at once sent away from the place.

"Why, gentlemen, such insubordination sets an awful example. We have no armed patrols here, no police, no discipline on the plantations, and there are five hundred negroes around me, and not thirty white men. We live in an isolated place, and my house contains three or four women; and it is essential that they be protected. My corn-house was broken into not long ago, and, I think, my wheat is going out of the barn. Something must be done. It is a very cumbersome mode of enforcing good order to summon you from the city to come down here and discharge my laborers, but it is the only method you have left me. And now I want an example made; I shall not feel safe unless you do what I ask, and, if it cannot be done, I would

like to send them all off the plantation. I should feel better to work my garden with my own hands than to endure such insolence."

The colonel was asked if he paid his people anything for their services. "No sir," he answered, "no money wages. If you give money to a nigger he goes and spends it for whiskey, and I have no intention of making the country any more unsafe to live in than it is at present. Besides, sir, and Mr. W. will tell you the same, they are not worth it; a white man will do the work of three niggers, and one slave did more than three of these freedmen."

"So, sure," said the overseer, "anyhow they ha'n't done a third part what they might this year."

"I called my people together when your army first came here, after General Lee's defeat, and told them I should not pay wages. 'You are free,' I said, 'to go where you please, but if you choose to stay here you may; you shall work for me as you have heretofore, and I will give you the same treatment you have always had, the same quantity and quality of food, and the same amount of clothing.' Most of them have staid, and I have no specific complaints to make against any family but London's, though all, as I have said, are unprofitable servants. Two men chose to go away."

Of these two who refused the colonel's terms, one, it was incidentally told in the course of the conversation, now acts as cook on a canal packet-boat, and earns fifteen dollars per month besides his board. He visits the plantation once in a while to see his former fellow-servants, and is well contented with his new condition. The colonel would not be harassed and overworked again, he said himself, by an attempt at farming under the free labor system. He had leased the place to his overseer, and washed his hands of the whole business.

Mr. W., the lessee, expected success. He showed me the rough draft of a written contract which the negroes have signified their willingness to sign, and under which he and they are to work together during the coming year. While my friend conversed with the colonel and brought the affair of London to a conclusion, I studied the agreement. It reads nearly as follows: "The undersigned bind themselves to stay on the ——— plantation from Nov. 15th, year of 1865, to Nov. 15th, year of 1866. We agree to work on said plantation for Mr. W. He is to pay the rent of the plantation, and he is to pay all the expense of the crops. Mr. W. agrees to give us payment for labor by sharing equally with the negroes—one half the crop to be his, one half to be ours, one half the wheat, one half the oats, one half the corn, one half of every crop on the place, excepting that all the fodder and straw is to belong to Mr. W. Mr. W. is to give us rations and clothing, and the expense is to be paid back out of our half of the crop. We are to act polite to him, and to be obedient and industrious, and make no disturbance in the place."

The crops this year have been small. Next year the new employer intends they shall be very much larger, and I venture to predict that his hopes will be fulfilled. For the causes of the trouble on this plantation are sufficiently obvious, and they may all be removed. The owner of it is, I should say, a humane man, and I could readily believe that he himself, whatever his overseers may be able to boast, had ordered but one of his negroes to be whipped. His people probably found him kind and indulgent in all his intercourse with them, and he is now conscious of none but the friendliest and best intentions towards them. But as a wealthy slaveholder and a veritable descendant of Pocahontas, he is proud, and will have nothing less than complete deference; he believes that the blacks were born for slavery, and is intolerant of anything resembling independence and self-reliance in them; moreover, he is an original secessionist, and thinks emancipation unjust. In short, he wishes still to be master, is willing to be a kind master, but will not be a just employer. Perhaps he is now too old to learn; but they, on the other hand, are not, and his endeavor to keep them tractable slaves has had no better success than to make them unpaid and discontented freedmen. Having tried the new labor system, with the essential feature of it left out, he, of course, finds it a failure.

As we talked, he seemed to please himself by painting a gloomy picture of Southern society as it is to be when the military occupation ends—smoke-houses broken open by the laborers, and bacon stolen; corn-houses robbed, and the corn sold for whiskey; then the worst of crimes committed by drunken niggers, murders like that on the canal-boat the other night, houses pillaged and burnt because their owners would not yield to every demand that ignorance and insolence could make; the woods full of outlaws; idleness followed by want, and the country impoverished for lack of laborers—all because fanatics were determined, by main force, to lift up the nigger to a level which of himself he could never attain, and which, if let alone, he never would have sought. Negro suffrage, if it became a fact, would strip the white man—it would in his county, where niggers were in a majority—of all his property; perhaps reduce him to servitude. Why not? "You in

Massachusetts, sir," he said, "are all abolitionists, and think a nigger is the equal of the white man, and, of course, you have a right to hold that opinion there. We, in Virginia, know that he is not; that God made him our inferior. Perhaps we know nothing about it. You may know best. The fortune of war has enabled you to try and prove your theory correct; but I feel so well assured of the result, that I wish from the bottom of my heart you had chosen some other place for your experiment. I wish you had confined it to Massachusetts."

I said but little in answer: that so far as Massachusetts was concerned, the matter was now out of the region of experiment; free negroes in that State were an estimable class of citizens, whose condition vindicated the good policy of paying wages for labor; that I supposed most men to be industrious, as most religious men are religious—either from hope of reward or fear of punishment; and that, as negroes in Virginia could not now be whipped, the payment of wages was the only course left open; that it was important, if negroes were to constitute so dangerous an element in Southern society, to use all fair means to keep them contented.

The experience gained in this first year of freedom has, I think, taught most farmers who intend to live on their land the necessity, for the sake of their own comfort and profit, of paying something like fair wages. The existence of the Freedmen's Bureau probably does not diminish the pressure of this necessity. Applications for a supply of laborers frequently come into the superintendents, and the wages offered are considerably higher than those now paid; one man offers one hundred dollars a year, board, clothing, and a week's holidays at Christmas; others offer one-fourth, or one-half, the crop. As a rule, the farmers say very little about colonization.

I see that one of the Lynchburg newspapers urges all persons needing the services of mechanics to hire white men in preference to black. Their labor, the paper says, though more costly than that of negroes, is better, and, moreover, to give them employment is a charitable work, for many of them are needy. An acquaintance of mine in the city, having some rough work to be done not long since, offered it to a white man, who was willing to undertake it, but would not do it for less than sixty-five dollars in specie, and was much displeased when the gentleman gave it into the hands of a negro. There were twenty days' work, and it was done for fifteen dollars. "I'm told," said the aggrieved mechanic, "that a man's house won't be very safe if he puts niggers to work on it and shuts out white men."

While there undoubtedly is a good deal of this feeling in some portions of the community, I do not perceive that its existence prevents employers from hiring whom they please, whether he is black or white, their choice being governed not so much by considerations of color as of cost.

ENGLAND,—THE FIVE-FOLD MURDER.

LONDON, August 15.

WE must all have heard the story of the shipwrecked mariner who got thrown upon an unknown coast, and who, when he caught sight of a gibbet standing on the beach, exclaimed, "Thank God, I am in a civilized country after all!" As a sort of corollary to this story, I should note the fact that the more civilized a nation becomes, the more keen its interest becomes in the reports of murders. It certainly is the case with ourselves, that as violent crime has become less common, the fascination exercised by its narration over the popular mind has grown wonderfully intense. Nothing sells a newspaper like the account of a murder. I never can recollect any public event which created so deep an instantaneous impression in England as the news of President Lincoln's assassination; yet I believe it is a fact that the extra sale of the dailies in consequence was not so large as that occasioned by the narrative of Constance Kent's confession of the Road murder, which appeared on the morning preceding the arrival of the mail which brought us the news of Wilkes Booth's crime. I should fancy, from what I recollect of your papers at the time of the Webster and the Sickles trials, that in this respect your public is not unlike our own. At any rate, no correspondent could pretend to give a faithful chronicle of English news who omitted mention of the startling crimes which from time to time almost monopolize public interest in this country. Such a crime is that with whose details our papers are now full. And besides its intrinsic interest, it possesses an incidental importance as a strange illustration of a phase of society peculiar to England—that of the low sporting world. Let me, then, tell you the story of the Holborn and Ramsgate murders as briefly as I can.

I don't know whether the somewhat peculiar repute of the Earl of Dudley, better known as Lord Ward, has ever reached across the Atlantic. In every continental country, wherever there are opera managers and picture dealers, he is probably better known than any living Englishman. He is about the last representative of the typical "milord" we read about in

French novels, and not many years ago you used to hear in every European capital strange anecdotes of the extravagance and eccentricities of the great "Milord Varde." His fortune, however, as proprietor of a great part of the Staffordshire "black country," is so enormous that even operative speculations have been unable to impair it. Oddly enough, the murderer with whose name the country is ringing first came before the public notice in connection with the Earl of Dudley. The present earl has a brother, the Honorable Dudley Ward, who, by one of those family arrangements which seem so natural in England, and so unnatural out of it, was about as poor as his elder brother was wealthy. This younger brother of a peer and a millionaire seems a year or two ago to have been hanging about Brighton. There he played billiards with a chance professional player, who went by the name of Southey, and lost to him some twelve hundred pounds sterling. Whether he considered the money had not been won by fair play—an opinion which, possibly, was correct—or whether it was not convenient for him to pay the amount, it is certain that Southey could not get his money from Mr. Dudley Ward. Failing in this, he made various attempts to induce Earl Dudley to pay his brother's gambling debts, but without any success. At last he sent a Mrs. White, a woman with whom he cohabited, to get an interview with the earl on false pretences, and on his emissary being turned out of the house on disclosing her errand, he tried to obtain a summons against the earl for having committed an assault. There was no evidence to support the charge, which had obviously been brought with the sole view of extorting money under threat of an inevitable exposure of an awkward family scandal, and the charge was dismissed at once. Under pretence, however, of establishing his case, the fellow Southey found opportunity to make public a long document, revealing the supposed turpitude of the Dudley family, and the injustice with which the world had treated him. The document attracted some interest, chiefly from the high names introduced into it, but partly from a sort of flashy eloquence of its own. According to his own statement, Southey was a sort of "blighted being," a creature of noble instincts, who had fallen through some romantic fault, and whose efforts to redeem his past had been baffled by his own chivalrous attachment to one as unfortunate as himself, and by the heartless injustice of our social system. Leading articles were written about the subject, and then it was dropped; and the newspaper-reading public had forgotten the existence of Southey till within the last few days, when we heard one day that three children had been found poisoned in a public house in Holborn; then that a woman and child had been shot dead at Ramsgate; and the next day that the author of both these monstrous and bloodthirsty crimes was the man Southey.

His story, as it has been elicited by the coroner's inquests, is a strange one enough. Ten years ago the man, whose real name was Stephen Forward, was a baker in a small way at Ramsgate, much, as far as can be learnt, like other petty tradesmen of that seaside suburb of Cockagne. He was not prosperous in business, and one fine morning he left the place in debt, leaving a wife and child behind him utterly unprovided for. He had picked up more education than is common with his class in England, and seems to have had a strong ambition to become what he thought a gentleman. He changed his name to Ernest Southey, and took to the only pursuit in which a man of his class with us can live by his wits, and yet not come within the clutches of the law. He became a betting man, a frequenter of races, a layer of odds; a minnow in the turbid waters in which Jackson and Steele and Davis are leviathans. It is not hard to understand the evil fascination which the turf exercises over men like him. There are scores of speculators in the betting ring who back horses for tens of thousands, and pay when they lose, who started with as little capital as Southey, and who are men of far less education than this bankrupt baker. And then not only is money made without labor on the turf, but it is made very pleasantly. The race-course is perhaps the only place in England where there is perfect social equality. Tom Sayers is as good a man there as the Marquis of Hastings, or better too, for that matter; and the mere pleasure of booking a bet to a gentleman, or being nodded to by a lord, has an attraction for lower middle-class Englishmen which you must be a native of this country to appreciate. Moreover—this at least is my own surmise—to a poor profligate scapegrace there must be considerable satisfaction in observing how every species of rascality is tolerated, if not countenanced, by men of high social standing and public character. Had Southey been lucky he might have had a speaking acquaintance with half the peerage and the House of Commons, though, to do the aristocracy justice, beyond this degree of intimacy he would have had no more chance of getting than I have of being asked to-morrow to dine with the Queen of England. Southey, however, was not only a blackleg, but an unsuccessful blackleg. He never rose above the lowest ranks of the betting fraternity—a fraternity which, I can conscientiously say from some experience of many countries, comprises more unmitigated scoundrels that

can be found in the same number of individuals in any civilized country. Whether he was too stupid, or not quite unscrupulous enough, or simply unlucky, it is certain he never got an innings. The only slice of luck which ever seems to have come to him was when he met a pigeon he could pluck at billiards in the person of the Honorable Dudley Ward, and even then the fish broke from the hook just when the angler thought he was going to land it. In the course of his low life of chequered vice, he formed a connection with the wife of a needy schoolmaster, who at last left her husband to live with Southey as his mistress. After the failure of the attempt to obtain payment of his brother's debt from the Earl of Dudley, the Southey fortunes sunk yet lower in the world. He became a professional begging-letter writer, and used to carry on correspondence with public men, appealing to their compassion, and declaring that if a remittance was not forwarded by return his death would lie at their doors, as nothing would remain for him but suicide. At last even this precarious source of income failed. The wretched fellow sank lower and lower; and the woman who had shared his fortunes so long grew weary of his ill treatment and the misery of their existence, and ran away from him with the view of going to Australia—an intention which she is believed to have carried out. After her flight Southey grew desperate, and maddened partly by want, still more by the sense of failure, he resolved, as far as one can guess about his motives, to make the world talk of him at last. With this end he went to the husband of his fugitive mistress, and persuaded him to give up three children—who bore the name of White, but who were believed by both men to have a better claim to that of Southey—under the pretence that he was going to take them to join their mother in Australia. Having got them into his possession, he took the poor little lads, the eldest of whom was a child of ten, to a low public house near Holborn, secured bedrooms for them, and poisoned them in their beds with prussic acid. Death was instantaneous, and the murderer made good his escape without exciting any suspicion. From London he went down to Ramsgate, presented himself to the wife whom he had deserted, and made a great profession of repentance for the cruelty with which he had treated her. At his request, the poor woman, who had earned a livelihood in his absence as a dressmaker, brought their child, a little girl of twelve, to see her father. As soon as the scoundrel had got his victims together, he drew out a pistol, and shot them each through the head, killing them on the spot. He was arrested at once, and as soon as he was taken into custody he boasted that he was also the murderer of the three children in Holborn, for whose detection a large reward had been offered by the Government. There is also reason to believe that he intended to murder the child who had been born to him by Mrs. White after she had left her husband's home, if he had not been accidentally hindered. He was committed for trial at once and will in all human probability be convicted at the next assizes, sentenced to death, and hung.

Now perhaps your impression on reading this sketch of a long story will be that the man must be insane. I doubt the impression being correct; in a certain sense, every man under the influence of unbridled passion is mad; but in no other sense can I see that this butcher of women and children can plead insanity. The peculiar feature in the case, from a psychological point of view, is the individual vanity of the criminal. Throughout his examination before the magistrates, he insisted on virtually defending himself, not apparently with any idea of escaping his doom, but simply with the desire of figuring in public. In a long string of wild and rambling rhodomontade, he urged the plea that he was only the guiltless agent of destiny, and that the real authors of his five-fold murder were the Dudley family, which had declined to pay his winnings at billiards; the noblemen and gentlemen who had not responded to his begging letters; and the society which had not supported him in such a manner as to enable him to lead the higher life to which his nature urged him. He expressed extreme indignation at being photographed while he was innocent in the eye of the law; at not being allowed to read the comments on his case published in the newspapers; and, above all, at being sentenced to be tried at a county court instead of before a metropolitan audience. Some of you may remember in Thackeray's prize novels the confession of "George de Barnwell," which was written as a parody of Bulwer's "Eugene Aram." Well, what Thackeray wrote as a grotesque exaggeration Southey uttered seriously, or, at least, in such earnest as a man of his shallow self-conceit can be capable of.

This tragic story has been—I need hardly tell you—the sensation of the week. Indeed, our topics of late have all been of bloodshed or crime, in one form or other. At the late election in Cheltenham—the Saratoga of England—a Tory voter drew a pistol in the open streets in broad daylight and shot a passer-by wearing the Liberal colors dead upon the spot. For this act he was tried for his life; but the jury having a general, perhaps not an unreasonable, impression that in a contested election men's blood will be up, refused to convict, and insisted, in spite of the judge's directions

in bringing the man in guilty of manslaughter only. Then, too, we have had, what is very rare now, a published challenge. Some months ago there was a wearisome military scandal at the Horse Guards, relating to the quarrels of a certain Lieutenant-Colonel Dawkins and his brother officers, which ended on his compulsory retirement on half-pay, under protest. At the general election he contested the borough of Totness, in the Tory interest, but without success. During the hustings speeches, his opponent, Mr. Alfred Seymour, alluded to him as no longer a "fighting gentleman." This insinuation was considered by the Tory candidate to be an insinuation that his retirement from the service was due to some lack of courage; and thereupon he wrote to Mr. Seymour, stating his readiness to show at Wormwood Scrubs—the favorite resort of duellists in bygone times—whether he was a fighting man or not. Mr. Seymour politely declined the invitation on the ground that if Colonel Dawkins liked to make an ass of himself by fighting a duel, he did not; and the verdict of society is that Mr. Seymour was right. Public feeling has gone so strong of late years against duelling in England that men must be very desperate of consequences who resort to it. If Colonel Dawkins and Mr. Seymour had met, and one of them had shot the other, it would have gone hard with the survivor in a court of law. Cases, of course, may be conceived where the provocation given was so gross that the law would look leniently on a man who avenged a domestic outrage by the duello; but even in such a case, the seconds must make up their minds to a long exile or to penal servitude, in the event of the duel terminating fatally. This being the case, duelling has long ceased to be a recognized contingency in English social life; and the formal publication of a challenge strikes men of my generation like the reappearance of a pigtail or a sedan-chair in the streets of London.

I have just been furnished a copy of a pamphlet called "*The Times on the American War: a Historical Study.*" The writer, is, I believe, Mr. Leslie Stephen, who travelled through the States at the time of the war, a couple of years ago. The object of the pamphlet is to show the extraordinary inconsistency and ignorance manifested by the "leading journal" in its disquisitions on the American contest. It is written with great vigor and good temper; and I would candidly recommend it to any of your readers who may chance to take an interest in understanding how public feeling in England was acted on by the *Times*, and re-acted on it in turn. The writer's theory is that the "root of all the errors of the *Times* may be found in its views about slavery." Having once made up its mind that slavery could have, and should have, nothing to do with the civil war, the whole story was, in its own words, "a mystery and a marvel." "A foreigner"—so the critic aptly remarks—"looking on at a cricket match is apt to think the evolutions of the players mysterious, and they will be enveloped in seven-fold mystery if he has a firmly preconceived prejudice that the ball has nothing whatever to do with the game." Quoting chapter and verse, he shows with an almost cruel pertinacity that on every point connected with the American war, the *Times* repeatedly contradicted itself. To quote one paragraph only: "It had thus," he says, "asserted within a year that slavery was the cause of the war; that slavery was one cause and protection another; that slavery was the cause and protection the pretext; that slavery had little to do with the war and protection much; that it could be all but demonstrated that slavery had nothing to do with it at first, and quite demonstrated that slavery had since passed out of sight; that 'some people thought' abolition was at the bottom of the whole business, and that it would probably be the result; and that slavery was the 'reel on which the coil was wound,' though 'not the material of which the coil was made.' In other words, the *Times* knew nothing about it."

Now, if the *Times* was to be judged as an historical authority, nothing could be more damaging to it than this exposure of its errors and blunders. Whether it will injure the paper's popularity is a point about which I am not equally confident. People buy the *Times* much as I believe Americans buy the New York *Herald*, not because they agree with its views or believe implicitly in its authority, but because they get, *quoad* newspaper, a better article for their money than they would get elsewhere. No amount of literary criticism will ever destroy the *Times*. Its power can be supplanted only by the rise of other papers as prosperous as itself. Till quite recently, the *Times* could afford to pay ten pounds where any other English newspaper paid one, and therefore it virtually possessed a monopoly of the news market. With the introduction, however, of the penny press, the *Times* has, for the first time, met with a formidable rival in the person of the *Daily Telegraph*. The enormous sale of this paper is the first danger which has ever really threatened the monopoly of the *Times* within my recollection. For my part, I look on this fact as a very hopeful sign. No paper, I think, can ever again obtain the monopoly which a variety of accidental circumstances conferred upon the *Times*; and as far as

newspapers are concerned, I am sure that in the multitude of counsellors there is safety. Nothing is worse for the country than an irresponsible autocrat, whether in a palace or in an editor's chamber.

FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES.

AUGUST 19, 1865.

It would be vain for me to conceal from you that great anxiety is felt in Paris on account of a possible war between France and the United States. The presence of a large Federal army on the banks of the Rio Grande, the letter written by the popular leader of that army, Sheridan, the speeches of Mr. Blair, of Winter Davis, and a few others, may be said to justify partly these apprehensions. We know, however, that the Executive in America is singularly free in its action, and that while allowing its subordinates the fullest, if not always the wisest, expression of their individual opinion, it keeps its own councils, consults the highest interests of the nation, and turns a deaf ear to most advisers. Nothing has more astonished the European mind during the four years of the rebellion than the extraordinary independence manifested by the acts of the Executive power. The Buchanans, the Pierces, had voluntarily abdicated this great power and made themselves the tools of the Southern oligarchy; no great show of authority was necessary in those times when no apparent danger threatened the republic, and when the engine of state was moving by its acquired velocity, without meeting with any friction or resistance. The great and unexpected trials to which the Government has since been subjected, have made manifest the great power which the framers of the Constitution had placed in the hands of the Executive. With regard to foreign politics, this power places the American Executive in a peculiar, and I should almost say an unparalleled, position. The whole weight of the responsibility being momentarily thrown on the President, he is at liberty to declare himself irresponsible as regards the doctrines and the professed ideas of the most important public men of his own administration. Placed on the highest situation of the political stage, he reminds me of those kings and emperors whom Corneille likes to represent in his tragedies, listening to their advisers, and presiding over political tournaments. Cassius, sword in hand, speaks of war; Flavius represents in pompous language the advantages of peace; Valerius is for temporizing. The king listens to them all, often maliciously throws a dubious word in the conversation, and seems to enjoy the *mêlée* of the conflicting passions. But after the torrent of Cassius, Flavius, and Valerius' eloquence has freely flown, the spectator is still ignorant of what the king will do, and the knot of the drama seems only tighter than before. In a constitutional monarchy, the responsibility is thrown on a cabinet, and the opinions of several men on a particular question cannot be as easily concealed as the opinion of an individual. Besides, the members of the administration are led by their party quite as much as they lead it; it is, therefore, seldom difficult to anticipate the action of the cabinet on a question of foreign politics. The Executive in your Government, though brought to power by a party, has something of the character of an arbiter among the parties. The President in his exalted position personifies, as it were, the nation; his duty is to open his ears to all the confused sounds that come to him from all the parts of an enormous territory, to survey constantly the whole of it: numberless forces, great and small, ought to find in him what the mathematician calls the resultant force. This is what gives to his action such a solemn meaning; this is also what makes it so difficult to prophesy his action. His will is and must be a mystery till it has given the signal to his arm and to his hand. He has no right to restrain the expression of any opinion; but he is the slave of no individual opinion, whatever be its weight. It is needless to show what advantages such a position gives him in the management of his foreign politics. In the turmoil of passions, in the noise of unrestrained license, he preserves that calm and silent power which till now has seemed to be the attribute of despotism.

It would be almost amusing, if the matter was not so serious, to read the conflicting comments made on the American news in its relation to the Mexican affairs. One day, everything goes smoothly; your Government has given the most friendly assurances of neutrality; the American army is to be entirely disbanded; the feathered crown of Montezuma, placed by our hands on the head of an Austrian archduke, is as firm as the pillars of Hercules; the liberals have been entirely defeated and have lost all hope; all the soldiers and generals of the rebel armies of Lee and Johnston are enlisting in Maximilian's army, and swelling the ranks of that cosmopolitan force, which is instructing the Mexicans in all the arts of civilization. The next day, the Juarists are seen everywhere; Maximilian sends frightened envoys to his European allies; arms and ammunition are secretly conveyed to the liberals

across the Rio Grande; the Federal pickets on one shore are insulting the French pickets on the other; the Monroe Doctrine is preached from every stump in America; and President Johnson is only waiting till some trifling business is ended to send the order to march to Sheridan. The news we receive is confused and often untrustworthy, and distorted by M. Reuter, whose pleasure seems to be now to disgust Europe with American politics; he can no more turn defeats into victories and victories into defeats, but he systematically misrepresents all the facts, and is trying to produce the impression that the United States are in as deplorable and desperate confusion as his own telegrams.

Public opinion in France has always been adverse to the Mexican war; the common sense of the people has never been able to understand why French soldiers should die by the thousand and French money be spent by the million, in order that a crown should be placed on the head of a prince whose family has always been hostile to France. The Mexican scheme has shaken the faith and confidence of the blindest admirers of Napoleon III.; and there is no doubt that, were he to die or to fall from power, the new Government, be it what it may, would make it its first duty to recall the French army from Mexico, and to leave Maximilian I. to the devotion of his people and to the protection of his Austro-Belgian legion. It is because the Mexican scheme is merely a personal scheme, because it is a nightmare which will vanish as soon as French liberty wakes up, that we feel so much anxiety lest it would involve us, by accident, in war with a country which has been for so long the traditional ally of France. The anxiety is rendered all the keener by the new solidarity which the recent events have established between the American republic and the liberal party in France. All liberals have sympathized with the North in its great struggles, and have almost looked upon America as on their second country. In the face of despotism, America has become their last argument, their *ultima ratio*; to those who pretend that democracy cannot exist except under the strong hand of a Cesar, they show a democracy without Cesars; to those who maintain that the triumph of equality is impossible without a sacrifice of liberty, they oppose your example. We feel indeed that a war between France and America would be a fratricidal war: your defeat would make the Imperial tyranny stronger; and your triumph would associate names and doctrines which are now our best hopes with a sense of humiliation. France and America have never been at war; they are so placed that they cannot inflict on each other any permanent injury; their antagonism would have no other effect than to gratify their enemies, to endanger the rights of neutrals, of which they have both, till now, been the most powerful supporters, and to put new and formidable difficulties in the way of the liberals in France.

Your Government need not interfere in Mexico; the Mexican war has already been baptized by public opinion under the name of the War of Spain of the Second Empire. Let not your eyes wander too much over the Rio Grande. I wish our eyes were not forcibly turned on those provinces where so much French blood has already been shed for a worthless cause. Time is the ruler of peoples and monarchs; time will solve the Mexican question without your help; time will reveal the base motives which have moved the originators of the Mexican expedition; time will show the vanity of their hopes; time will reduce to its true magnitude the new star added to the diadem of dynasties; time will show whether a German prince can make a nation on the American continent. A war at the present moment would have but one alternative—it must be a war of liberation or a war of conquest. If it is a war of liberation, if your troops succeed in forcing the invaders to evacuate the Tuilleries-born empire, you must inaugurate a new government; and, in the actual state of Mexico, public opinion is not so unanimous that you can avoid being more or less responsible for the acts of the new administration. Would such a responsibility be desirable? I doubt it. Where will your intervention, once begun, stop? The honor of your name and of your flag may, perhaps, suffer from too close a connection with any Mexican party. Is the war to be a war of conquest? No good American can desire it. It was an absolute necessity for you to reconquer all the rebel States, not so much for the sake of their territory as for the sake of an important and vital principle. This has been done; but whoever has followed the military history of the civil war, knows what difficulties have been thrown in your way by the mere extent of your territory. The time has not come yet when the tide of immigration can be thrown on the provinces of Mexico; let the South be your Mexico for the present: how much time, capital, and intelligence will be required to put the Southern States on the social level of the Northern, to destroy every vestige of slavery and barbarism, to develop the resources of an admirable country, which in so many parts is still a desert! I have always considered the Monroe Doctrine as a just doctrine, in its true sense;

it is to your continent what the doctrine of the Balance of Power is to Europe. We have our international ideal, founded on old historical divisions, and necessary for the preservation of the independence of the smaller states. America has a right to have her own ideal; the Atlantic is broad enough to separate our political conflicts from yours. The Monroe Doctrine is nothing but the assumption that America ought to be American; but the doctrine needs not to be enforced by arms—nature, time, and necessity will work it out. The folly of European intervention in American affairs is every day more apparent, and the demonstration will be even more complete if it is achieved without the arbitrament of war, by the all-powerful agency of a fatal historical law.

AUG. LAUGEL.

LEGAL MEMORANDA.

ON CIRCUIT, Aug. 19.

THE courts at Westminster and at the Guildhall have been closed this month past, and fourteen of the fifteen judges are on circuit. The leaders, *i. e.*, the Queen's counsel and sergeants, are engaged making their eight or ten or fifteen speeches *per diem*—appealing in more or less fervid or deprecatory accents to that intelligent and noble personage, the British jurymen, as their tastes and inclinations range 'twixt argument and declamation, craft and audacity, small talk and tall talk. Behind the busy gentlemen in silk sit the half-dozen juniors—whom attorneys have elected from the hundred and thirty or fifty briefless stuff gownsmen to business and prospective judge-ships. They are hardly less engaged than their seniors; for the heat and burden of the day is often at *nisi prius* with them, and the examination of witnesses, under the censorship of a great leader, is by no means a grateful office in intricate insurance or shipping cases. Their briefless brethren sit and lounge about them—some reporting, some discussing *L'Africaine*, while others are drawing imaginary heads of the beauty with five thousand a year that your aspiring utter barrister (so called because he never gets an opportunity of opening his mouth) firmly believes he is to wed, when business comes to him at last. A quaint old writer described a barrister as an odd fruit, "rotten before he's ripe, like a medlar;" and if to be idle, as the philosophic Jacques puts it, is to rot, then indeed "he rots and rots" away. Fervent young men, full of ambition and Greek verses, coxswains of university crews, the best amateur bowlers and the best judges of a good dinner in Europe, fellows of colleges and Smith's prize-men, senior wranglers who are the sons of senior wranglers, all sit among the briefless bewigged, who look so wistfully and hungrily at attorneys from the back benches. The fervent young man will have become a middle-aged old fogey or an elderly father of a family, pinched to keep up appearances, ere the business he once dreamed so imminent will reward him. His ambition to get into Parliament, his friends' firm belief that he was destined to shine "in the House," his Greek verses—all have vanished. He was a brick in the days he joined, with a marked taste for expensive coats, lemon-colored gloves, and French boots. Now he is a sloven, whose tailor despises him for his poverty and sartorial inattention. Attendance in courts has lined his face like a map of the Indies, with the New World flung in, and sprinkled his hair with grey; he is soured and bittered in temper, and is, indeed, vastly changed from that gay and volatile being who once drove tandem in town, who was on nodding terms with at least three opera coryphæes, and a member of one of the best West End clubs. He has now fallen into the mere rank and file of the profession, who eke out a miserable subsistence by chance briefs, by revising barristerships or editing legal books for the benefit of their more prosperous brethren.

But this is *en passant* in reference to the species of barrister on circuit, and to that enormous professional class of lawyers in England that stand 'twixt the attorneys and the judges. There are, it may be explained briefly, seven circuits in all, which comprehend in their districts the various towns, or more properly the forty counties in England. These are respectively the Northern, the Western, the Home, the Norfolk or Eastern, the Oxford, the Midland, and the North and South Wales. Of these the largest are necessarily the Home, which includes the metropolis and its suburbs, and the towns in its immediate vicinity; and the Northern, which takes in Liverpool and Manchester, the two next largest English towns. There are three assizes, or gaol deliveries, in the year: one in March, called the spring—another in July, the autumn or summer—and a third in December, the winter assize. The spring and autumn, or summer assize, takes usually from seven to ten weeks, according to the length of the circuit, and the winter a fortnight or three weeks only. The presiding judges, two to each circuit, sit alternately in different towns, for the trial of civil and criminal causes, and visit in succession each town appointed in the circuit. But, inasmuch as these legal districts were mapped out at a remote period in English history,

and when Manchester, Birmingham, and Sheffield were relatively small towns, the circuits till very recently presented the anomaly of avoiding these great centres of industry in favor of the small country towns. Thus Warwick was an assize town, though it had not twenty thousand inhabitants, and Birmingham, with near two hundred thousand, was not. Manchester, with a population of nearly half a million, was only elevated to the distinction last year; and Brighton, with seventy thousand people, has still to send its prisoners and witnesses and jurymen to Lewes, a place with only about eight thousand inhabitants and some ten miles off.

As your correspondent is a member of the Northern circuit, his more immediate information must be limited to the experiences of that district generally, and of Manchester and Liverpool, in which towns he has spent the last five weeks especially. The judges on this circuit have been Mr. Baron Bramwell and Mr. Justice Montague Smith, this last being the most recently, or junior, appointed judge on the bench. The civil business in the two chief commercial towns is especially of a commercial kind, arising out of disputes on cotton, questions of insurance, breaches of contract generally with an odd smattering of breach of promise cases, and questions on leases, rights of way, and trespasses to the person or property of different kinds. The criminal calendars are much the same in each town: three or four murders, seven or eight rapes, as many manslaughters, with several cases of burglaries and assaults and robberies with violence, comprising the list. In Manchester the business was strictly of a routine character, and with the exception of a civil cause, in which a theatrical manager was sued for not properly exposing the plaintiff's advertisements in a pantomime, an action to recover insurance money by a fraudulent insurer, and another against members of a trade union for conspiracy, and a very fine case against a railway for injury to a servant, there have been no especially important causes. There were one or two breach of promise cases, but these were of minor note. Four or five cases of libel by a clergyman against different newspapers, an action against a sheriff, and one or two heavy breach of contract cases, include almost all the exceptional or noteworthy cases in Liverpool.

The action for conspiracy in Manchester was, however, to some extent unique, and as possibly illustrating the different state of feeling and of law existing on opposite sides of the Atlantic may be referred to, especially as it has been made the subject of demurrer, to be argued next term before the judges in banco. The suit was briefly to recover damages, first, for money paid under duress on account of an alleged conspiracy; and secondly, for money lost and expended by reason of the alleged illegal acts of the defendants. The plaintiffs were two brothers, and the conspiracy imputed to the defendants was that they had confederated together to make these brothers pay their father's debts. The plaintiffs were contractors or builders; the defendants brickmakers, and members of the United Brickmakers' Association. The father had been bankrupt a few years ago, and then owed a small sum of money—some twenty or thirty pounds—to a member of the Brickmakers' Association. This person went to each of the members of the society to which he belonged, and either by suasion, or interdict, or the rules of the society, prevented the supply of bricks to the defendants by any member of the association. As nearly all the brickmakers in the neighborhood of Manchester are members of this society, this was virtually a general prohibition of supply. In each case, in more than twenty contracts specified, the brothers were allowed to commence building, which they did as small working contractors, and they were then informed that unless they were prepared to pay a small sum of their father's debt no more bricks would be delivered. The terms dictated were in no case hard, as little as thirty shillings or two pounds on account being accepted. Their alleged hardship was that they were thus compelled to pay their father's debts. The case for the defence in reply was, that the father was the real owner of the business, and that his sons were merely put forward as the ostensible persons contracting, it being admitted that the father was engaged in the work of each contract—as the one side maintained, as a servant; as the other declared, as a principal. The declaration was on two counts, the first charging the defendants with conspiring together to hinder and prevent the plaintiffs from following and executing their trade and business, and executing certain contracts; the second, for conspiring to extort money from the plaintiffs, and to force and compel them to pay to the defendants certain sums of money which it was alleged were due to their father. The judge, on hearing the evidence, ruled that these counts could not be sustained, and non-suited; the plaintiffs will have to argue the demurrers.

The question of a husband's right to the property of a wife from whom he has been divorced *a mensa et thoro*, was raised recently and is now reported in the case of *Moore vs. Barber*. From the facts, it appeared that the deceased wife was divorced by a decree of the Court of Arches, in 1848. On the 2d of May, 1850, the court ordered the husband to pay to the testatrix,

during their joint lives, the annual sum of £350 as alimony. The wife it appears had saved from this sum £1,650 5s. 5d. Bank 3 per cent. annuities, and £170 12s. in cash. At her death she had left this money to the plaintiff in the suit, the residuary legatee, and had appointed the defendant the executor to her will. The husband, this being an ordinary administrative suit, now claimed the money saved out of the allowance made to her as alimony. The grounds of his claim advanced in argument were that the allowance in legal contemplation was given for the mere sustenance and support of the wife, and if the result proved that it had not been used, it followed that there had been failure in the purpose for which it was given, and the money must revert to the husband. She could not give that which was allowed to her by her husband for her own personal expenditure to strangers, and if there were arrears or savings of such alimony they belonged to the husband. For this position, *Howard vs. Digby*, 2 Cl. and F. 634, was chiefly relied on.

Stuart, V. C. The suit is for the administration of the assets of the wife. It is most extraordinary that of all persons the husband should be the one to appear in such a suit, as he, by a decree in the Ecclesiastical Court, has not only been shorn of his marital rights, but has also been mulcted in the costs of that suit, and compelled by the decree to pay an annual sum of money to his wife. No doubt the divorce was only a *mensa et thoro*, and the husband remained husband still, and was entitled in his marital right to become his wife's legal personal representative. If he were so entitled, why has he not so constituted himself in order that he might have dealt with his wife's assets? It has been said that the present case is similar to that of *Digby vs. Howard*, 4 Sim. 588 and 2 C. and F., where it was said that if a husband be ordered to pay money for a particular purpose, and that purpose does not arise, the court will consider that the marital right remained attached to the property which was directed to be so applied. Now, what was the position of the Duchess of Norfolk in that case? She was a lunatic entitled to a large sum by way of pin-money, which had not been paid to her. A bill was filed by her legal personal representative, who claimed the money on a ground perfectly intelligible, as far as it went, and which was, that according to the course of the decisions in this court as to the wife's separate estate, a husband, if he has not paid what is due to his wife in respect of such estate, is held to be entitled to keep possession of it, upon the assumption that his wife has consented to his so retaining it. Had the wife chosen to demand her money, she would have obtained it; as she did not ask, the presumption was simply that she consented to give it up. In this case, however, the law has made this money assets of the wife, and the husband can have no more equity in coming into this court to get back alimony, than the wife to be paid arrears of alimony.

One of those very numerous and, it might also be said, vexatiously inevitable cases, on the interpretation of certain words in a will, has recently been decided by V. C. Kindersley, in *Ruck vs. Barwise*. The words of disposition employed by the testator were that the interest of his property was to go to his daughter, and after her death the property to go to her children or heirs for ever.

The question to be decided was, Was this fund divisible into six or eight shares?—the daughter having given birth to eight children, of which number six survived her.

The difficulty was, Did the children take as first tenants under the will, or could any argument be founded on the words "heirs for ever" to alter the construction placed on the first bequest in the sentence.

The decision was that the children took as first tenants.

In a case, *Williams vs. Jones*, on appeal to the Exchequer Chamber, an interesting decision, on the question of negligence, has been decided.

The facts were exceedingly simple. A publican bought some boards of a timber merchant, and asked permission to convert them into a sign-board in a shed belonging to the timber merchant. To effect the conversion, a carpenter was employed. This man, in lighting his pipe, dropped a lighted shaving amongst other shavings, and the shed was burnt down. Action by the timber merchant to recover money of the publican, the defendant, for value of the shed and the loss caused thereby.

The argument for the plaintiff was, that the fire, having been caused by the negligence of the carpenter, who was the servant of the publican for this purpose, the publican was liable. The jury had found that the shed had been lent under an implied promise that it should be used in a careful manner, and that the defendant would take reasonable care that no damage should accrue to the plaintiff thereby, and that the fire was caused by the negligence of the defendant and his servants. But the point on these facts was, whether the defendant was liable for his servant's breach of duty. In smoking, the carpenter was guilty of negligence. But it might be urged adversely to this that he was not acting within the scope of his employment.

In the absence of any precedent, it might be suggested that the case should be governed by the law applicable to bailments, and that the loan of the shed was analogous to a *commodatum* to the defendant. If so, the defendant, as a gratuitous bailee, would be responsible even for slight negligence: *Coggs vs. Bernard*, 1 Sm. L. C. 171.

The court below considered the fact that the shed was part of the realty prevented the law of bailments from applying. In the case of a loan, the borrower is bound to restore the chattel to the lender uninjured, unless prevented by some *vis major*. It is contended that the defendant, though merely a licensee, is liable: *Story on Bailments*, § 285.

There is no reason why the rule of law, with regard to a licensee under a revocable license, should differ from that with regard to a bailee. It was argued *contra*: 1. That the law of bailments did not apply. 2. That the act of the carpenter in smoking was not the act of the defendant, and that the maxim, *qui facit per alium facit per se*, in no wise applied. The carpenter had acted in a manner not contemplated when the shed was built. The master is only liable where the servant is acting within the scope of the business for which he is employed. But doing an unauthorized act, the man became a trespasser. For the trespass, he and he alone, and not his master, was liable. If the act had been committed by the master personally, trespass would have been the only remedy against him. There was no bailment, merely a revocable license to the defendant to enter upon land. There was no contract between him and the plaintiff. The defendant is not liable for the trespass of his servant.

It was held, in affirmation of the previous judgment of the court below (*Blackburn and Mellor, JJ.*, dissenting), that the defendant was not liable, for that the negligence of the carpenter in the use of the shed was not negligence in using it for the purposes of his master, the defendant, nor in the course of his employment.

Held by *Mellor and Blackburn, JJ.*, that such negligence was negligence in the course of the carpenter's employment, and therefore the negligence of the defendant.

It was also held by all the court, that the loan of the shed to the defendant was neither a demise, nor anything analogous to a bailment of the shed, but a mere license by the defendant to use it, by his servant, for the purpose of making the sign-board.

Blackburn, J., among his reasons, assigned this: The master is not liable for any negligence or tort of the servant which is not in the course of his employment. It might be said that the carpenter was not employed to light his pipe or smoke. That was no doubt true. But the act of lighting a pipe is in itself a harmless act; it only became negligent and a breach of duty towards the plaintiff, because it was done when using his shed and working there amongst inflammable materials. Had the action been brought against the servant, it could not have been maintained for lighting his pipe merely, but that would have been under the circumstances evidence that he failed to take reasonable care while using the plaintiff's shed, and that would have been the true ground of action. The point is not capable of being elucidated by argument or by decided cases; it depends rather on whether this is a correct statement of the effect of facts.

A woman of the name of Winsor, under sentence of death for murder, has just been respited, in order that the question of a re-trial (the first jury having been discharged without a verdict) in capital cases may be considered by the twelve judges forming the court of appeal in criminal cases. The question is one of the most interesting in constitutional law, and will be discussed at length, in anticipation of the judges' consideration, so far as it is settled in existing law, in my next letter.

TEMPLAR.

August 19, 1865.

THE BREAK UP.

BY A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

FROM CHARLESTON TO FAYETTEVILLE.

EARLY in February, 1865, I was ordered to the Signal Station, at Battery Marshall, on the extreme east end of Sullivan's Island. There were various rumors about evacuation, and holding the city to the last ditch, every one contradicting the other, according to each man's idea of Sherman's intentions, and each man's version of the meagre reports of his march that reached the city. On the 15th, however, we learned something positive from the following message, in cypher, from headquarters: "Prepare to move at a moment's notice, bringing off the most valuable Government property, and destroying the rest, along with all papers."

On receipt of this, I immediately sat down and wrote a request, which I pasted in the case of my watch, that if, by the chances of war, it should fall into the hands of a benevolent individual, he would do an unfortunate man a favor, by sending it to his mother, stating her address, and, what was

more important, that its full price would be paid. Then I arranged my affairs; told my servant, Job, what I wished done with "my tings" in case "anything should happen," and that night took my last sleep on the old Island, dreaming of the happy summers of my childhood passed there.

The next morning all was bustle and activity, getting ready for the final move. The day I spent in Charleston. That evening I passed with some jolly companions, and we celebrated our last night by having a gay time; however sorry we may have been, we knew we could not help it, and our motto, like most soldiers, was "Dulce est desipere," etc., etc. The next day, Friday, 17th, I should have returned to my post; but as I knew the transports with the troops from the Island were to go up Cooper River, and with all the forces from the city were to rendezvous at Strawberry Ferry, I got leave to go up by land. The grand difficulty was to secure a horse. As the day advanced, things became more excited and confused. The commissary stores were opened, and a complete rabble of men, women, and children, without respect to age or color, began cursing and fighting over bacon, flour, salt, coffee, etc. I went in and secured a few things for an old woman; but she was so horribly grasping that I soon left her, disgusted at her struggling with another old wretch for her booty. A little after dark I met a cavalryman offering a tolerably good horse for the low sum of \$500. Being in great want of a beast I offered him \$150, on the plea of running the risk of its being reclaimed as stolen property. The man was extremely indignant, and wanted to fight at the imputation on his character. I told him to pitch in; he then explained his reason for holding the horse so low. He expected a friend to whom he meant to lend it, and who in return would supply him with money; but the friend had left, and he was hard up, and two horses were more than he could take care of, etc. So we compromised by my giving him \$200, equivalent to about \$4 in specie. I mounted the nag and rode to the Quartermaster's Depot, whence I was to leave at one o'clock that night. I hitched it at the door, and on returning, twenty minutes after, found the animal nibbling grass down the street, but saddle and bridle gone. So securing the beast with a rope and leaving it in a safe place, I thought I would walk around and see how things were going on. There was no life anywhere, except at the fires, where thousands and thousands of bales of cotton were being destroyed; there were engines to keep the fire within bounds, and guards to prevent the cotton being stolen instead of burned. It was painful to see so much property, the sweat of so many brows, making food for fire. But such is the fate of war. To stand at a little distance, and look at the men rushing about in the smoke, cursing, yelling, and laughing, while the whole sky was lit up with bloody red, gave one no mean idea of pandemonium. The rest of the town was still as death, not a light in a single house, only now and then a frightened woman hurriedly closing some forgotten shutter, her eyes straining through the darkness for the dreaded robber or murderer, whose gun she expected to see aimed at her. The quiet was oppressive, and I hastened from it.

About 11 A.M., mounting my horse with a rope for bridle and a blanket for saddle, I may say I commenced my march, going up to Hempstead Mall, whence the wagon train was to start. There I met several acquaintances, and my servant Bram with "my things," four times as much as I wanted. Hitching my charger to a wagon with a bag of corn before him, I addressed myself to getting acquainted with the crowd, helping to cut down a flag-staff, and trying to keep warm the best way I could, until the train should start. At 1 P.M. it commenced moving, not without great difficulty, on account of balking teams and green teamsters. I climbed into one wagon and Bram into another, and in a little while we were lumbering along quite steadily, and I fell asleep.

When I awoke we were seven miles from Charleston, and day just breaking. I crawled out to look after my horse; he was nowhere to be seen. So borrowing another I went down the road about three miles, without seeing or hearing anything of him. At last I was told that a gray horse had been seen astray that morning, at an old camp on Ashley River, about two miles off. I went there, and sure enough descried my beast, and with some trouble I caught him. I had scarcely joined the wagon train when an old fellow in a buggy drove up and commenced calling me thief, and claiming the horse as his own. I told him he would have to prove property, and advised him to change his tone lest he should get his head broke.

One of my acquaintances here put in that he was the son of the old man; that the grey really belonged to him, and had been stolen the preceding evening with bridle and saddle, just as I had bought him. Of course I gave up the horse; the old fellow apologized for his language, and invited me to share his basket of grub and jug of lightning whiskey. So we breakfasted in high glee, and parted the best of friends. At Goose Creek,

fifteen miles from town, I stopped to dine with an aunt who lived a little off the road. I could hardly realize what had come to pass. It seemed like moving in a dream; and not until it came to leaving those five helpless women alone on the plantation, with no man except negroes, did I fully comprehend that the war had actually come to the spot where I had passed many a happy holiday with my cousins. On Sunday morning, 19th, we reached Strawberry Depot, on the North-eastern Railroad, 28 miles from the city. Here I was quite at home, having passed my childhood on my father's plantation, five miles off, on Cooper River. I borrowed a horse and rode to the old plantation. I saw several of the neighbors; some had not seen me since I was a child, but all gave me a hearty welcome and plenty to eat. One old bachelor, married in 1861, had everything just the same, and bustled about to give me a good breakfast, with the kind hospitality of peaceful days.

The only difference in the establishment I could discover, was the lady sitting by the fire, and a curly-pated little urchin, whom his father spoiled much as he used to do me in the old times. On leaving, he loaded me with an enormous lunch. I could with difficulty dissuade him from sending a cart along with me; and it was only by threatening to empty everything into the road as soon as I should be out of his sight, that I convinced him I wanted no more feed. The kind old fellow thought I was going to starve. I am glad to have learned since that his plantation was unmolested.

All the troops from Charleston, consisting of two brigades, Rhett's and Elliott's, forming Taliaferro's Division, camped that night at Monk's Corner, where they were joined by Mr. Law's Division, the whole between 12,000 and 15,000 men, forming Hardee's Corps. Tuesday we reached Santee River. It took four days and nights to ferry the troops across. There I rejoined my companions of the Signal Corps; but, knowing that institution would "go up" with the fall of Charleston, I concluded to look out for myself, and ride when I could, instead of trudging along with them. While waiting to cross the Santee, I amused myself with a colt that I bought with a pair of gloves and \$100, *i. e.*, \$2 25 in specie. He was a perfect beauty. On leaving, I put him in the charge of a quartermaster friend, and that is the last I saw of him.

People were giving away horses. They ran about loose, and many enterprising persons picked them up; then other fellows still more enterprising would come with a friend to back them and carry off the prize, so that horses were held by most uncertain tenure.

One night three of us "slipped" past the guard a cart which some fellow had "pressed" on the road, and we started for a place which we were told was five miles off, and rich in corn and potatoes. It turned out to be eight of the longest miles, over the roughest and darkest road I ever travelled. We finally got to the place, and routed up the old overseer, who was very surly, and declared himself dying of rheumatism. He swore he had neither corn nor potatoes; that potatoes were the bane of his existence; that it was nothing but "potatoes," "potatoes," "potatoes," all day long, and here now he was routed up at night for the "damn potatoes."

He had none, but we might get some three miles further. We were not to be bluffed off in that way; the horse was too tired and we were too cold to go three miles further on a wild potato chase. The old fellow had committed a grand mistake in letting us into his chamber, and having the fire kindled to look at us. We were quite comfortable, and swore we would not leave until we had our cart-load, for which we were willing to pay. He said we could stay and be d—d, and he drew his head under the bed-clothes and pretended to snore. We had been very quiet, and had made our requisition with great politeness; but one of us had been out reconnoitring and found five potato cellars, which a negro to whom he had given a "chaw of tobacco" assured him were all nearly full, and that there was besides plenty of corn. So to teach the old sport better manners we looked around, and I found a horn, one of my companions a cow-bell, and the third a stick, with which instruments we began a concert and dance, to the great delight of the negro.

The man became furious, and raved and threatened to report us; but he would not have done much at that, as according to our account we belonged to some outlandish battery of artillery which no one could ever have found.

At length he proposed a compromise, and asked if one bushel of potatoes, five of corn, and as much fodder as we could carry, would satisfy us? To which we agreed. He gave the keys to the negro, bidding him go with us; but blackey tried to put off the work on us; so we took the keys and helped ourselves. The cellars were some distance off in a field; the negro forced us to open each one before the right one, which only, he swore, was empty. But we carried our point, and made him fill a basket of the best, and gave him half a basket for himself (which he didn't deserve), for in

carrying them to the cart he lagged behind, and, pretending to stomp his toe, he tumbled them all out. So we had to get a torch and undergo much trouble in picking them up, on account of wind and rain which had come on. We went into the house till the rain should cease, and cooked a pot of potatoes. The old man kindly sent us out some cold pork, and I never expect to eat so much pork and potatoes again.

Returning to camp, the horse was too much played out to haul us with the load. Two of us walked, taking turns with the third to drive. I never was so sleepy in my life; I put my hand on the cart and kept nodding the whole way; when it came to my turn to drive, I merely fell into the cart, and when I awoke we were just entering camp and day was breaking. I never stirred that day, but slept right through. That trip did n't pay for the trouble. Thursday evening we crossed the Santee. As soon as ever they commenced to move, I cut off from the Signal Corps and joined the wagon train, with which I travelled to Kingstree, thence by rail to Florence, keeping Bram with me. Job, who had come up Cooper River by transport and joined me at Strawberry, I sent on by the wagon train to Cheraw. I was told Job behaved remarkably well, and was extremely cool in picking up some of his traps, which he dropped on the bridge between Sullivan's Island and Mount Pleasant, under a tremendous shelling. I overheard him describing the scene to some other boys. "Look ya," he said, "you nigger ought to ha' bin dey, for see how I fling dem ting on my back. I put my head down and cut. When de shell come and buss, I shy and kick up jis like one o' dem little dunkey; you would n't o' tink 't was dis ole Job. Some o' dem soger scare so dey fall down. I run ober dem jis like dog."

How he brought the load, bundled up as it was, I can't imagine. There were two large pots, two tin pans, a plate, knife, fork, and spoon, a pair of shoes, two suits of clothes, four packages of tobacco, and two cans of preserved meat, and a pillow, all rolled up in a large cotton bed-quilt.

At Florence, on the following day, I learned from some men who had escaped capture at Town Creek, near Wilmington, that Haywood's Brigade, from which I had been detailed, was captured; which relieved my mind considerably, as I did not fancy returning to the infantry.

At Cheraw I came upon one of my uncles, in former times the jolliest, most peaceable man in the world, now transformed into a ferocious captain of Home Guards. He wore a homespun uniform, with three gold bars on the collar; a dilapidated tarpaulin hat, cocked fiercely on his dear old grey head. He was chewing awfully, and haranguing his men. "Go it, my fine fellows," said he. "Lick Sherman, don't you run; I'll be along with you. Only lick Sherman, wherever you catch him!" I don't believe Gen. Sherman ever came within the danger of this formidable veteran.

Here, also, I caught the last view of my precious dog-cart; the only piece of property which the vicissitudes of fortune had left me. At the evacuation of Charleston, not having yet made the famous purchase of the grey, I had lent my dog-cart to a friend, who was so fortunate as to possess a horse. I overhauled him at Cheraw, and he engaged to drive to Charlotte, and sell the carriage to recruit my finances. In a hopeful spirit I beheld it floating down the river, on the deck of the gunboat *Pee Dee*. When next I came upon my erratic companion, he informed me that he had driven into a mud hole, the wheels separated from the body, and so the cart "went up."

At Cheraw I got assigned to the Stono Scouts, an independent company acting as body-guard to old Hardee. I was put on "temporary duty until I should reach my command," which I never expected to do, having heard it was captured. Saturday, March 4, they began the march again. At the railroad depot there was the greatest confusion, plundering of the commissary stores, and of wine and all sorts of things sent up by the citizens of Charleston for safe keeping.

I pitched in and secured six bottles of old Madeira, and nearly got drowned in a cask of port. The head had been knocked in, and being among the nearest, I plunged my two canteens in. But the crowd was so great I could not raise my arm, which was up to the shoulder in wine, and they continued to press till my head was forced half way into the barrel; I was unable to raise myself until it was completely drained; and then the side of my face was all scratched by the canteens which had been shoved by it, and my clothes saturated with wine.

At the door of the depot I met Job, who was loaded with wine, sugar, coffee, and ham, all of which he had got in a bag. He generously presented me with two bottles of wine. As it was not always easy to procure food for two servants when forage ran short, I consigned Job to the care of a friend in Rhett's regiment. I met him afterwards at Fayetteville, for the last time during the war. Losing the horse on which my friend had mounted him, he attached himself to a company of artillery, and travelled back to Charleston with them after the surrender. Bram, too, went heavily into the commissaries. He did not rejoin me until I reached Fayetteville, coolly telling

me the road was too muddy for him to walk, so he had waited for a wagon train. He was not the fellow to go on foot when ingenuity could obtain a horse. Accordingly, at Fayetteville he soon succeeded in what he was pleased to call "capturing" a horse.

I here gave away most of my wine, because I had a cough, and I was so much disgusted with the smell on my clothes I could not drink it, and I have not cared much for wine since.

I rode my pony without a saddle until we reached Rockingham, where I saw an old citizen leading a horse with an army saddle, the girths hanging loose. I quietly lifted the saddle, the old chap walking on, and I don't know when he discovered his loss. My saddle having been taken off from the old grey at Charleston, I had ridden bare-back ever since, which was derogatory to a cavalryman, and very uncomfortable. As there was no knowing when the proper authorities would equip me, I was only restoring that piece of goat property to the right hands. We passed the night at Rockingham, and at 3 A.M. were ordered to saddle up, though we did not move until 8. This is a practice at all headquarters, which all the men dislike.

For two days we marched in the direction of Greensboro', where we expected to form a junction with the remains of Hood's army, and make a stand. But orders came from Joe Johnston at Fayetteville, and turned everything in that direction. The night before we reached Fayetteville we stopped at a house where they agreed to take us in; indeed, I was so unwell, having ridden all day in the rain, I could go no further. There were several old women who were very kind in doctoring me with ley tea, pepper tea, and other villainous remedies, to which I patiently submitted, although they did me no good.

In my haversack I had about half a pound of coffee, mixed with crumbs of wet corn bread, looking anything but tempting; their eyes however glistened over it as if it were gold. Indeed, they declared it was worth "in town" \$50 (about fifty cents). I asked them to boil it all, that there might be enough for my companion as well as myself and the whole house. After awhile they set the table for us; but none of them sat down; they stood and looked at us. We had bacon, eggs, sorghum, and the everlasting corn bread. I was too sick to eat, but expected my coffee. At last it was produced, worse even than the ordinary corn coffee. I could n't go it. I went to the pail and took a draught of water. They were very much surprised I did n't like the coffee. It was, they declared, "whole one-fifth real coffee!" I begged to have it all real coffee for breakfast; they agreed. But for breakfast they served some blackened water. Finding they were so careful of the coffee, I could not bring myself to reclaim it; so, thanking them for their kindness, I rode off.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT CHOLERA.

In the year 1629, Bontius, a Dutch physician, residing at Batavia, in Java, made the civilized world acquainted with the existence of that terrible pestilence, the cholera, which had doubtless, since the organization of society, prevailed with more or less violence in India and the islands along its coasts. His observations were scarcely heeded outside of the scientific circle for which they were intended, and notwithstanding the fact that the disease was subsequently recognized by British physicians in the East Indies, and by travellers of other nations, Europeans gave themselves very little concern in regard to a malady which, however virulent and destructive, was not likely to extend its ravages so far to the westward as to invade their homes.

But in this expectation they were woefully mistaken. In the year 1817 it raged with great violence at Jessore, a large town near the mouths of the Ganges. It spread, not very swiftly, but yet with awful certainty, in all directions, and by August of the following year had reached Bombay, on the western side of the peninsula. Thence it travelled through Arabia, Persia, Mesopotamia, Syria, etc., on its westward course, and, continuing to extend itself eastwardly from its place of origin, invaded the Burmese empire, Siam, Java, China, and the other populous countries of that portion of the earth.

Still, its progress was very slow. Several days frequently elapsed before it passed from one town to another only a few miles distant. The means of communication were, in the regions where it prevailed, very imperfect, and to this cause its sluggish movements must be attributed. In these days of steam its course is more rapid.

Up to 1823 its ravages had not extended beyond Asia; but in that year it appeared at Orenburg and Astrachan, two towns situated on the eastern frontier of Russia. Here it remained until 1828, when it increased in violence, attacking a tenth of the inhabitants of the province of Orenburg, and proving fatal to a fourth of those affected.

In 1830 it reappeared at Astrachan. In less than a month 4,000 persons

died of it in that city, and over 21,000 perished from it in the province. Ascending the Volga, it reached Moscow, destroying thousands in that city; and, continuing its fatal course, appeared at St. Petersburg on the 26th of June, 1831. From Astrachan it also diverged along the northern coast of the Black Sea, and thence spread into Austria, Poland, Prussia, and Northern Germany generally. In August, 1831, it was conveyed to Cairo by a caravan from Mecca. Thousands perished from it on the road, and over 15,000 died of it in the former city.

On the 26th of October, 1831, the disease appeared for the first time in England, at Sunderland, a town situated on the North Sea, near Newcastle. It was supposed to have been introduced from Hamburg, by a return collier. It showed very little disposition for some time to pass beyond the limits of this city, and was mainly confined to the worst parts of the town; according to a statement made at that time, it crept like a skulking hyena from one dirty lane to another, affecting localities remarkable for their filth, poverty, and wretchedness, and carrying off those who, from decrepitude, drunkenness, hunger, or uncleanness, were already fit subjects for the grave.

From Sunderland it spread slowly through the northern part of England and Scotland, and did not break out in London till the 14th of February following, when some persons living in the immediate vicinity of the shipping were attacked. In this city, as in all others in which the disease had made its appearance, the districts mainly affected were those chiefly distinguished for their filthiness and an utter disregard of all sanitary regulations. Thus, for instance, the streets of St. Olave, St. Thomas, and Whitechapel, which were the most unhealthy districts, were stated to be "a disgrace to the civilized world." In Whitechapel, the great majority of its confined and crowded streets, courts, and alleys were without ventilation, water, or sewerage. In Lambeth, where the cholera also prevailed extensively, the cleansing, drainage, and water supply were either totally wanting or grievously defective. It was invariably noticed that the disease was especially prevalent in those sections where typhus and typhoid fevers and other affections due to dirt and overcrowding were most liable to occur.

On the 8th of June, 1832, the cholera broke out at Quebec, this being its first appearance on this side of the Atlantic. It was supposed to have been introduced in an emigrant ship, many of the passengers of which had died from it during the voyage. Two days afterwards it appeared at Montreal. On the 24th, New York was unexpectedly attacked—the cities and towns along the coast to the north entirely escaping. From New York it extended to Albany, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, New Orleans, etc.—most of the larger towns being visited, but some unaccountably remaining exempt from its ravages. The first case in New York occurred at the corner of Gold and Frankfort Streets. The patient was a native male citizen. Some cases immediately followed in Cherry Street; the subjects were Irish emigrants, who had arrived at Quebec in the autumn of 1831, and had resided in Albany till the month of May, 1832, when they had removed to New York. On the 27th, the disease manifested itself at Bellevue Hospital. The patient was an aged woman who had not been out of the institution for three years, and who had held no communication with the city. Reade, Washington, and Duane Streets, the Five Points, and the whole region of the Sixth Ward, were visited by the epidemic with fearful violence. Rotten Row in Laurens, between Grand and Broome Streets, was another deadly centre of the malady. In all these places, as well as in the others where it raged with the greatest intensity, the local and removable conditions of general insalubrity were abundant.*

The epidemic reached its height in New York on the 21st of July, from which period it continued to decline. It did not finally disappear from the United States for three or four years.

So much for the first epidemic of Asiatic cholera. In Great Britain and Ireland over 116,000 cases and 40,000 deaths occurred. In the cities of Quebec, Montreal, New York, and Philadelphia, embracing, at that time, about 450,000 inhabitants, there were over 18,000 cases and 8,000 deaths.

Europe and America remained free from the pestilence for several years. It did not, however, entirely die out in India; and in May, 1846, it broke out with extreme severity at Teheran, in Persia, carrying off as many as 300 a day for several weeks. "Those who were attacked dropped down suddenly in a state of lethargy, and at the end of two or three hours expired without any convulsions or vomiting, but from a complete stagnation of the blood, to which no remedies could restore its circulation." At Kurrachee, near the mouth of the Indus, it prevailed with terrific violence—more than 8,000 died in a few days.

Entering Europe almost by the identical route it traversed in its first visitation, the cholera ravaged parts of Russia and Turkey during the years

1817 and 1848. It then declined in violence, and the hope was indulged that it would disappear without visiting the western countries which had suffered from it fifteen years previously. But this was not to be. When once this fatal pestilence emerges from its birthplace, it never stays its course at the outset of its travels. Wherever there is food for it, there it goes, with a certainty that ought to be appalling, but which civilized man has thus far almost entirely disregarded. After a short period of remission, it broke out with increased violence, and during the latter part of 1848 and the whole of 1849 prevailed throughout Germany, France, and Great Britain.

On the 9th of November, 1848, the ship *New York* left Havre for the city of New York, with 385 passengers. There was no cholera either at Havre or Paris when the vessel sailed, and the passengers remained healthy till they had been out sixteen days. One of them was then taken ill with a disease resembling cholera, another and another case followed, until, when the vessel arrived at Staten Island, on the 4th of December, eight or ten had died, and as many were still suffering from the disease. Cases continued to occur at quarantine among the passengers and the patients of the Marine Hospital. A few days after the ship arrived at quarantine, an individual came from there to the city, and stopped at a German emigrant house on the corner of Cedar and Greenwich Streets. He was attacked with the disease, and being carried back died in a few hours. On the 11th of December another case occurred in the same house. This house was excessively filthy, and contained upwards of 200 lodgers, mostly emigrants. One other case occurred at 161 Washington Street, and then the disease ceased its ravages. In all, there were 92 cases and 48 deaths.

But as usual it was only resting from its labors. During the first week of April, 1849, it re-appeared at quarantine, and by the 30th of May 43 had died of it. In the city it made its irruption in the most filthy regions and among the lowest of the population.

Meanwhile it had appeared at New Orleans, and had spread over the greater part of the Eastern and Western States; the emigrant parties and military expeditions on the prairies suffered severely from it; many tribes of Indians experienced its attacks, and the mortality from it in California was fearful. It did not entirely disappear from the United States till 1855, and in 1854 became very violent in some localities. In 1853 and 1854 it prevailed again in Great Britain, and in 1855 and 1856 the allied armies in the Crimea suffered intensely from the pestilence. Since then until the present year, if any cases have occurred in Europe or America, they have been altogether isolated and exceptional. Now, however, we hear from the East that the disease has again broken through what may be called its normal limits, and that it is rapidly spreading over Asia Minor, Northern Africa, and Europe.

On the 10th or 11th of May, the first death from cholera occurred at Alexandria, in Egypt, the disease having been brought to that city by pilgrims returning from Mecca. From that date to the 16th of July, 3,300 deaths had ensued from the pestilence, and there had been about 10,000 cases in a population of less than 60,000. Rosetta Santa and Zagazig were attacked about the same time. In June it had reached Cairo. On the 12th of July it appeared at Constantinople, and almost simultaneously several cases occurred at Ancona. From Alexandria it was imported into Marseilles in a steamer, and it is said a few cases have already occurred in Paris. That it will visit our country ere long is as certain as any event in the future can be. It behooves us, therefore, if we value our own lives and those of the individuals committed to our charge, to enquire into the circumstances calculated to mitigate the violence of the pestilence even if we cannot entirely prevent its inroads. From the recorded experience of many physicians, and from the results of our own observations of several hundred cases in 1849, 1853, and 1854, we propose, therefore, to place before our readers such information on the subject as we think should be possessed by every intelligent and conscientious citizen.

Although cholera is pre-eminently a disease of the poor, the miserable, and the filthy denizens of large cities and towns, it is by no means confined to this class. It always, however, originates among the former, and if the latter become affected, it is due either to the great virulence of the poison or to their violation of the plainest laws of sanitary science. As we have seen in the epidemics of 1832 and 1849, the disease began in New York in the most wretched localities, just as it had previously done in the other cities it had visited, and just as it has always done since. During the latter visitation it appeared first in the Sixth Ward, and it may be safely predicted that its next outbreak in our city will be in that district. At that time it was noted that the greatest mortality occurred among the occupants of cellars. A physician in large practice stated that he did not know of a single instance of recovery among those who were not speedily removed from these subterranean dwellings.

The predilection of cholera for filthy, badly ventilated, and overcrowded

* See the late "Report on the Sanitary Condition of New York," page lxviii.

localities has been already mentioned. Its liability to revisit the exact place where it formerly occurred is a very remarkable feature in its natural history, and one full of interest in a sanitary point of view. Thus, the first case that occurred in Edinburgh, in 1848, was in the same house, and within a few feet of the same spot, where the epidemic of 1832 began its course. On its re-appearance in the town of Pollockshaws, the first victim was from the same room and the same bed in which it had broken out in 1832. In Bermondsey, both epidemics originated in the same locality—close to a ditch filled with excrementitious matters. In Oxford, on both occasions of its visitation, it broke out in the county jail. At Groningen, in Holland, it began its ravages in 1832 in two houses, and in 1848 the inmates of these identical houses were the first attacked. The first case of cholera in Chelsea was in Whitehall Court, in 1848. It hung around this region till 1849. The first case in 1854 was in the same locality, and, perhaps, in the same house. Dr. Ackland states that in Oxford every street and every yard in St. Thomas's parish—with one exception—which had been attacked with cholera in 1832 and 1849 was revisited in 1854. These are startling facts, and prove with a force requiring no argument to sustain it, that the germs of cholera are localized, and that only the exciting cause is required to start them into active existence.

Now, what is this exciting cause? Is it something given off from an infected person's body, or from his clothes, or from his discharges? Is it some alteration of the atmosphere? Is it an excessive or diminished amount of electricity? Is it due to the presence of ozone, or to the existence of millions of microscopic organisms which, floating in the air, are inspired and swallowed? All of these suppositions, and a great many more, have been vigorously contended for by their proposers. We do not intend to discuss them at length. We shall only express our own firm conviction that cholera is not, strictly speaking, contagious; that it is excited by a peculiar poison in the atmosphere, which clings to individuals, clothing, vessels, houses, soil, etc., and which is therefore portable, and that, unless it meets with what may be considered its germs, it is altogether inert. To cause a case of cholera, two things, therefore, are necessary: exposure of the individual to the influence of bad air, wet, improper food and drink, overcrowding, filth, etc., etc., and the action of the morbid principle referred to above. Cholera, therefore, cannot be kept off by quarantine, however rigid it may be. In Hungary, in 1849, every approach from infected districts was strictly guarded by a military force—so severe was the watch, that it was said only the wild animals passed through, and yet the entrance of the poison was not prevented. So long as the atmosphere has free circulation from an infected to an uninfected locality containing the germs, so long will cholera extend itself until the power of the poison is expended. A vessel, therefore, arriving at quarantine with cholera on board, would certainly infect the mainland if the conditions favorable to infection existed, even though there should be no direct communication with the shore.

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Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE important series of publications known, from the name of their originator and projector, as "Bohn's Libraries," is not suffered to languish in the possession of its new proprietors, Messrs. Bell & Daldy. In fact, their purchase, involving the whole stock, stereotype plates, copyrights, etc., of the different volumes, was so large a one, that it is only by activity and attention to the interests of the series that a return proportionate to the outlay can be realized. Rarely has so much money changed hands in a single transaction connected with literature—the amount of the purchase being thirty-five thousand pounds, or, in our currency, at the present rate for sterling, about \$260,000. More than five hundred volumes are contained in the different libraries. The first cost of them was considerably more than one hundred thousand pounds; but, as the current sale had paid for them and cleared the outlay incurred in their production, the sum disbursed by Messrs. Bell & Daldy represented the net profit and return for the enterprise and ability shown in the management of the undertaking. Among the new volumes now in a forward state of preparation are Coleridge's "Friend," for the Standard Library; Flaxman's "Lectures on Sculpture," with all the illustrations; and Clark's "Introduction to Heraldry," edited by J. R. Planché, both for the Illustrated Library. The volumes lately added comprise an elegant revised edition of Miss Strickland's "Queens of England,"

with steel plates, in six volumes; Sir Charles Bell's *Bridgewater Treatise on "The Hand,"* Professor Craik's "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties;" Southey's "Life of Wesley," etc.

—Industrial biography, or the lives of men to whom their country is indebted for the development of new sources of wealth and its attendant civilization, has but lately obtained a recognized place in English literature. A few years since it was in vain that any particulars were sought in the ordinary channels of information respecting the men who acted as pioneers in the progress of the useful and manufacturing arts. Now there is a change for the better, and the lessons afforded by the career of such men are earnestly dwelt upon for the benefit of those who have succeeded to the vast practical results of their predecessors' self-sacrifices and endurance. The subject was fortunate in being inaugurated by the beautiful and tastefully embellished works of Mr. Smiles, whose "Lives of the Engineers" first won the readers, by the elegance of its illustrations, whom it retained by the surpassing interest of its style and matter. Other heroes of industry have since found biographers, as Watt, Robert Stephenson, Brunel, Telford, &c., and we now see two rival lives of Wedgwood, the eminent improver of English porcelain and pottery, brought out, both candidates for popular favor at the same time. One is by Mr. Jewett, an artist and amateur, the other by Miss Meteyard, who has access to the family papers and correspondence. The first volume only has appeared of the latter work. In general effect of paper, printing, and embellishments, it is one of the most beautiful books ever produced in England. As appropriate illustrations, nothing can excel the classical elegance of the specimens given of Wedgwood's peculiar art. Like that of most inventors, the recital of his trials and troubles is full of interest; how well he was furnished with the iron will to overcome them is exemplified by the incident that he deliberately submitted to the amputation of his right leg to avoid some painful consequences following a severe attack of small-pox. In his intimate connexion with artists, and especially with Flaxman, he set an example to manufacturers that is only now commencing to be generally followed. The whole family was a remarkable one. Their liberality to Coleridge won his grateful affection and is commemorated in his works.

—Among the books that are promised us with some degree of confidence before Christmas, is one so long looked for that its appearance seems almost beyond ordinary calculation—the "Life, Letters, and Journal of Dr. Jonathan Swift," by John Forster. This work was announced originally as forming the introductory portion of a new edition of Swift's works, now become very scarce and dear in the most desirable impressions—those edited by Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Forster combines in an unusual degree literary talent with a capacity for what is usually called drudgery, or the minute investigation so useful in throwing light on dark portions of history or biography. His large "Life of Goldsmith," in two volumes octavo, which he unaccountably suffers to be out of print, exemplifies the possession of both these faculties, and we may be sure no available source of information will be slighted from which any probable elucidation of the Dean's character and conduct may be gained. There has been no noticeable addition to the stock of materials accumulated for this purpose by succeeding editors, since Sir Walter Scott's time, that the public have heard of. Dr. Wilde's "Closing Years of Swift's Life" is the only book of importance on the subject that we remember; but Mr. Forster's position will, no doubt, procure for him access to much in the way of private papers, correspondence, &c., that was inaccessible at an earlier time to former biographers. At all events, we may look for a lifelike picture of Swift, painted with the care and accuracy of a master, that will, for some seasons, make his name again a household word in the literature from whence the constant succession of novelties has temporarily deposed it.

—Among the commercial literary enterprises commenced in a hopeful spirit, at a time when, to many observers, the prospects of the country scarcely warranted the undertaking, none promises better success than Messrs. Scribner & Co.'s attempt to present to English readers a commentary on the Bible, on a scale of far greater extent and completeness than anything that the language previously afforded. It is mainly a version of the German work of the eminent divine, Dr. Lange, of Halle. He and the scholars associated with him in the task have lately completed the New Testament, and are now engaged on the Old. The commentary surpasses in thoroughness and exhaustiveness any former work of the kind, and is a model of conscientious labor, while, at the same time, it possesses all the characteristics of a fervid, impassioned, and poetical individuality. The whole of the sacred text (besides a new translation, various readings, &c.) is accompanied by a threefold commentary, critical, doctrinal, and homiletical, each under distinct and separate heads. The portion chosen to

commence the American republication was St. Matthew's Gospel, under the editorial charge of Dr. Philip Schaff. So well has it been received, and so nobly has the religious world responded to the confidence felt in its support, that, though it forms a large royal octavo volume, and sells for five dollars, between three and four thousand copies have been sold in the first year of its publication. The remaining books of the New Testament are preparing by various eminent scholars and divines, and it is a feature of the plan to add to the completeness of the work by making use of any sources of information that may have escaped the original authors. The gospels of Mark and Luke, by Dr. H. G. T. Shedd and Dr. Schaff, will appear this fall. Prof. Tayler Lewis, of Union College, has the volume on Genesis in hand, and the whole work will be forwarded with the utmost speed consistent with the necessary care and accuracy demanded in such an undertaking.

—A publication welcome to the antiquaries who interest themselves in the old British story, and the philologists who study the most ancient existing European languages, is promised by Mr. W. F. Skene, a gentleman distinguished for his proficiency in Celtic researches, who has done more to disentangle the truth respecting the vexed questions of the date and origin of the Ossianic poetry than any who has preceded him. Its title is "Four Ancient Books of Wales, containing Kymric Poems attributed to Bards of the Sixth Century, with Introduction and Notes." The publishers are Messrs. Edmonstone & Douglas, of Edinburgh. The manuscripts whose contents it is intended to print and make available for purposes of study for the first time, are "The Black Book of Caermarthen," dating from the twelfth century; "The Book of Aneurin," of the thirteenth; "The Book of Taliessin," and "The Red Book of Hergest," respectively of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Few merely literary questions have greater interest than the authenticity and genuineness of these Welsh bardic poems. Of late years they were first used as materials for history by Sharon Turner, who, in a dissertation appended to his "History of the Anglo-Saxons," was supposed to have triumphantly vindicated their integrity. The severity of later criticism tends, however, to different results, and though the headstrong nationality of the Kymric and Celtic temperament has precluded anything like impartial discussion at home, outsiders have gone so far as to affirm that the claims to an early date of these poetical remains are unsupported by reliable evidence; nay, more, that the Welsh are not "ancient Britons" at all, but an intruding tribe from Armorica, whose arrival was probably coincident with the irruption of the Saxons, Jutes, and Angles into Britain in the fifth century A.D. The arguments in support of this opinion are singularly curious and acute, and have been put forth by Mr. Thomas Wright, in his late collection of "Essays on Archaeological Subjects." Mr. Nash, in his classical work, "Taliessin and the Bards and Druids of Britain" (London, 1857), has well dissected the religious poetry of Wales. It remains to be seen whether the historical portions can support a searching critical scrutiny.

—Mr. Charles Knight, whose industry seems rather to grow than to suffer diminution with his advancing years, has no sooner completed his too brief autobiographical "Passages from a Working Life," than he commences a new work. "Shadows of the Old Booksellers" is an anecdotal and biographical sketch of the ancient men of "the trade," from the restoration of Charles II. to the close of the last century, and, of course, embodies much interesting literary anecdote. Mr. Knight's claims to be admitted among the worthiest of the band he commemorates need not wait for the recognition of posterity. They are universally admitted in his own generation. To many who consider the subject transiently, publishers may seem to be "like flies in amber," worthless themselves, but preserved by contact with more precious objects. This, however, would be but a very insufficient appreciation of the services actually performed by these foster-fathers of literature, whose influence for good has been too often exerted to their own loss and detriment, from their views being in advance of those current among the public, to whom they in vain appealed. Whenever the history of English literature is properly written, not the least interesting chapters will be those detailing the fortunes of the only "patrons" that Dr. Johnson ever wished to hear of. Mr. Knight's "Shadows" will be published by Messrs. Bell & Daldy, of Fleet Street.

—The admirers of Dante in Germany are prompt in their response to the national rejoicings which in Italy honored the sixth centenary birthday of the poet. On September 14, the anniversary of his dying day, a Dante festival is to be held at Dresden, with the object of concentrating in one place all those who have labored to naturalize the Italian poet in Germany, by whose labors there exist fourteen translations of the *Divina Commedia* into Teutonic speech. The meeting is called by four professors, headed by Prof. Karl Witte, of Halle. The objects of the proposed assembly are: the foundation of

a Dante library, on the most complete scale possible; the establishment of a Dante periodical; and the preparation of a critical edition of Dante's smaller works, which even in Italy is still wanting. The periodical, it is proposed, should appear in German, Italian, French, and English, and the co-operation of lovers of the poet in all countries is especially requested.

—Mr. Palgrave's Arabian friends, the Wahabees, seem in some danger of being overtaken by the fate that has befallen the Burmese, the Javanese, etc., and now threatens the Japanese. No sooner had his journey proved the practicability of intercourse with them, than Colonel Pelly, the British resident at Muscat, determined to improve the acquaintance, whether by secret thoughts of "annexation" it is impossible to say. He set off, therefore, from the coast of the Persian Gulf, and, with a small party and by forced marches through the desert, principally at night, he succeeded in reaching the Wahabee capital in about two weeks. He was received with ceremonious, though distant, politeness, and the firmest resolution was expressed by the able sovereign on no account to enter into relations with any European nation, and most especially *not* with the English, whose fame for appropriating the territory of their allies had penetrated to the court circles of Riadh, the metropolis of the country, and produced a most intense dislike of any nearer connection.

—Prof. Hiram Corson, of Girard College, Philadelphia, who has already shown his acquaintance with early English literature by an edition of Chaucer's "Legende of Goode Women," announces an enterprise of greater magnitude in connexion with his favorite author. It is a complete "Verbal and Glossarial Index to Chaucer's Canterbury Tales," based on the text printed by the Percy Society, and accompanied by similar indexes to "Piers Ploughman," "La Mort d'Arthur," Gower's "Confessio Amantis," Wycliffe's Bible, Spencer's Poetical Works, and Chapman's "Homer." It seems to be Prof. Corson's aim to supply for earlier English literature a manual similar to that furnished for the Elizabethan dramatists by Nares's most useful and entertaining "Glossary." His work will form a large octavo volume of 800 pages. The first edition will be delivered to subscribers only, at ten dollars a copy, by Mr. F. Leypoldt, of 646 Broadway. The undertaking deserves encouragement, and though of course in this country the compiler must rely on the best printed texts, without the advantage of consulting manuscript authorities—in the nation where such materials abound there seems little disposition to turn them to practical account, and the attempt of Prof. Corson is the more praiseworthy in consequence.

—We hope that the announcement of the purpose entertained by Mr. John R. Bartlett, of Providence, Secretary of State for Rhode Island, of forming a complete bibliographical list of all publications connected with the late rebellion, will induce possessors of such tracts, etc. (and especially of anything of the kind printed at the South), to communicate to him the titles and particulars of works of this nature. It is only by a union of effort that the completeness so valuable in a work of this kind can be secured. Mr. Bartlett's "Bibliography of the Rebellion" will make a handsome volume in octavo; his materials already comprise notices of nearly four thousand articles, including separate pamphlets, speeches, sermons, addresses, papers in reviews, etc. Since the invention of printing there have been but three eras—all of them times of civil commotion—so prolific as the present in paper and print, for the Reformation was too early, and the American Revolution too imperfectly supplied with the mechanical facilities necessary to carry the tide of publication so high. The first was the troubles of the Fronde in France. The fugitive pieces, satirical tracts in prose and verse, etc., produced on this occasion are known from the name of the prime minister as "Mazarinades." They have been well described in an excellent bibliography by M. Ch. Moreau; the total number extant is nearly five thousand. The Great Rebellion and Commonwealth of England called out the power of the press to an extent totally unprecedented. There exists no guide to, or account of, what was so produced, but the remarkable assemblage of the fugitive publications of the time, from 1640 to 1660, formed by the royalist, Bookseller Thomason, the collection and preservation of which is one of the romances of bibliography, is bound in 2,200 volumes, and contains more than *thirty-two thousand* separate pieces. It is now, as is well known, among the treasures of the British Museum. The French Revolution again opened the flood-gates for a deluge of printed matter. Much of it now, for the first time, assumed a periodical form. Several important collections have been made of Revolutionary literature, including newspapers, engravings, caricatures, etc., but the bulk of it was so immense that probably much has perished. The British National Library has procured, at different times, three such collections of very large extent; among them M. Louis Blanc has, for the past years of his exile, been studying the materials for his "History of the French Revolution." The most conspicuous collec-

tion was that belonging to the Duc de la Bedoyere. It was purchased last year entire for the Imperial Library for one hundred thousand francs. The catalogue (a very superficial list) makes a large volume in octavo.

—In a recent paper Sir John Bowring draws on the vast fund of his Oriental experiences and philological knowledge for information respecting the prevalence of literature and education in China. As, according to a learned professor now writing among us, a future Chinese state of civilization is the happiest fate in store for the most enlightened modern nations, any facts relating to the mother country become interesting. In the matter of printing, it is certain that the Celestials have had a great start over all the nations of the Western world. There is, in fact, no trace of its introduction, but it is always spoken of as a thing of course, and not as a novelty, as in A.D. 593, when a decree was passed for the recutting the wooden plates (or stereotyping, as we should say) of ancient works that needed preservation. In A.D. 983, the Chinese Scriptures, or canonical books, were engraved on wood, printed, and circulated all over the empire. In the next century movable types came into use, nearly five hundred years before they were known in Europe. The Imperial arrangements for printing have always been carried out in China on a magnificent scale. The Emperor Kanghi, whose reign began in 1662, had 250,000 movable types, engraved on copper and printed no less than 6,000 volumes. Kienlung, in 1773, ordered 10,412 works to be published, covering the whole field of Chinese literature. The entire system of the competitive examination of candidates for the government service is of Chinese origin, and has been immemorially practised.

—"A chiel's amang you taking notes" is a warning that, in the words of Burns, might have been applied to us a short time since. Mr. Samuel Phillips Day, we learn, is about to publish an interesting volume, entitled "Women and Civilization," and for the more thorough treatment of his extensive theme has travelled in Italy, the United States, and Canada, collecting materials for its illustration. If Mr. Day takes his tone from the public press, we fear the fair sex will suffer. It is fortunate, however, for the cause of philosophical truth, that his mission was a secret one, and his object unknown, or the sturdiest purpose must have given way before the blandishments that would have assailed him. Mr. Day is favorably known to philanthropists by a former work on "Juvenile Crime, its causes, character, and cure."

—The forthcoming journals, diaries, and correspondence of Miss Agnes Berry will revive the memory of the two remarkable sisters who prolonged, almost to the present day, the social traditions of the last century. Of course, a series of letters by Horace Walpole forms a portion of the remains of the lady to whom he is said to have offered his coronet and fortune. The astonishing industry of the man who desired to be known to the world only as a busy trifler, is one of the most remarkable instances of human inconsistency that we know of. In their most condensed form, the published writings of Horace Walpole form about thirty closely printed volumes, and there must be many entire series of his letters to intimate friends, as Mr. Chute, Bentley, Grey, and others, no portion of which has been printed, if indeed they yet exist. Other writings by him are extant. His "Anecdote Book," a collection of all the good stories he had heard in society, remains in manuscript, but has been read by several literary men. The nature of its contents is said (how truly, we know not) to unfit it for the pharisaism of the modern standard of propriety, so that it is not likely to be published. The fate of Walpole's choice library was a hard one. Though a coxcomb in many things, he was not particular in the outward attire of his books, whose exterior often gave no promise of their intrinsic value. Though they were entrusted, with the other contents of Strawberry Hill, to the most eminent auctioneer of the day (George Robins) for disposal, his business had never lain among books, and the Strawberry Hill sale catalogue enjoys the distinction among bibliographers of being incomparably the *worst* ever made. The greater part of the books were tied up in lots of tens and twenties, and sold without any description, at nominal prices. For months they were found on the London stalls, and they are not unfrequently met with in this country. Walpole was fond of annotating his books in a thick heavy handwriting that does not seem to typify much readiness in composition. His manuscript notes in his copy of the "General Dictionary" of Bayle, etc., are printed in Messrs. Geo. P. Philes & Co.'s curious publication, "Philobiblion," from the book itself, which passed through their hands to its present owner.

—The publication of M. Talleyrand's memoirs is now said to be deferred for twenty years longer, contrary to his original intention, in accordance with which they should see the light about this time, or thirty years after his decease. By the bequest of his niece, the Duchess de Dino, they had come into possession of his private secretary, M. de Baeourt, and, on his recent death, were left to certain parties on the condition that they should still be

withheld from the public. They are said to be very extensive, embracing memoirs proper, with appendices of documents, and an immense correspondence, extending over the most eventful half century of the modern world. They have been transmitted to England for safe keeping. Whether or not any Napoleonic influence has been at work to keep the contents still a mystery is unknown, as well as the real judgment of the Prince de Talleyrand of the great man whose fall was, in an important measure, owing to him; but there is no doubt that, if so disposed, many revelations damaging to the Imperial fame were at his command.

TWO LECTURES BY MR. RUSKIN.*

It is not always safe to trust to English criticism of English books. Criticism is less often right in England than in France or Germany, because it is less cultivated and holds a less considerable rank in literature. Although the English know what criticism is, and are not surprised by every discriminating award of praise and blame as often as are the Americans (who frequently assume that an intellectual effort is worthy of praise as such, and that there must be personal enmity or selfish motive behind any censure of it), they have, nevertheless, very often left the duty of criticism to those who are certainly unfit for it. It seems not to be held true in England that a critic needs a special gift and training to fit him for his work. The critical faculty is not duly recognized as a mental power distinct from others. On the contrary, the ruling seems to be that any one who can write cleverly can criticize; that the author of three or four popular (or unpopular) novels, of a volume of short poems, or of a lively sketch of travel, is a competent judge of literature, and often of art as well; and that the critical department of a literary journal is sufficiently well managed by half a dozen such authors, or, where articles are anonymous, by writers without even the poor qualification to judge that they have been judged themselves.

These remarks—which, if collated with published words of the few who have been excellent as critics in Great Britain, will be found too nearly like their thoughts to be very original—are immediately suggested by the notices in the British press of Mr. Ruskin's latest published book. But there are additional reasons why, in the case of this writer's work, we must distrust ordinary English criticism. Ordinary English criticism fairly enough represents the ordinary English mind, not, as it ought to, the best intellect and knowledge that the nation can spare for the task. And if the English people were not wholly unwilling to understand or regard what Mr. Ruskin has been saying to them these six years past about government, economy, and education, his writing would not now be the sad and almost hopeless protest against long established evil that it is. He has tried to point out some dangerous modern fallacies, and has had little other answer than to be called a dreamer even by those who certainly are not deceived by the fallacies he attacks. He has tried to teach his countrymen truths more evident, perhaps, in other countries than in his, but perfectly clear to thinkers there, and is denounced as unpractical and "un-English." He has appealed to love and truth and sense of duty in the consideration of questions of political and national economy, and has tried to show that these springs of action are to be used in the construction of systems of society and government; and is at once, and on every side, assured that not these things, but self-interest only, is the motive power of the souls of men.

The general English public is, therefore, somewhat in the position, as regards Mr. Ruskin, of one who refuses to be taught, and who thus compels the rejected but still resolute teacher to use more earnest exhortation and sharper reproof every day. Much of the criticism on this book in English periodicals is of the nature of the objections of an unwilling pupil to the regulations and discipline of a severe teacher. But unwilling pupils are not those whose opinions of their teacher we generally ask. In the case before us, as the hasty refusal to hear of the popular English mind has prevented the writer from being as useful as he might have been to the world at large, because changing for the worse his thought and speech, so, on the other hand, it makes the opinion on the whole subject of the hasty recusants of very little value. Those who, of a great deal of advice, at once reject the whole, are not the best judges of the value of the advice. It was not to be expected that the critics would thank Mr. Ruskin for his warnings or regard his prophecies. It is because they and their kind are resolutely indifferent to all such warnings and promises that these are made necessary. It was not to be expected that the critics would like his rebukes. It is at them and their kind that the rebukes are aimed. The teacher declares social abuses, denounces national sins, urges radical reforms, points out ways to improvement,

is enthusiastic, severe, and bitter. All this the *Saturday Review* contemns; it declares the assertions false, the denunciations injurious, the proposed reforms Quixotic, the way untrodden and therefore impassable, the enthusiasm ridiculous, the severity impertinent, the bitterness morbid. We ought not to be surprised, still less to be influenced in our opinions. The *Saturday Review* could not have been expected to think otherwise. Were it possible for that journal to sympathize with or even to respect deep feeling and enthusiasm, there would be less need for these two lectures. But at least we cannot go, for just judgment of such work as Mr. Ruskin's, to the critics who faithfully represent what seems to us the worst defect of the English national character, its small capacity of sentiment.

Again, the *Fortnightly Review*, which aims to gather the best thoughts on all subjects of the men best qualified to discuss them, over the signatures of the writers, has entrusted the criticism of Mr. Ruskin's original, hearty, and (the word is his own) *sensational* protest to Mr. Anthony Trollope. We have nothing to do with the fitness of Mr. Trollope, as shown in his novels to judge anything original, hearty, and sensational; but his notice evinces a total lack of sympathy with the author he criticizes and even of comprehension of his meaning. The critic gives instance after instance of what he considers exaggeration and misstatement, almost every instance proving that he does not know what the author means nor what his object is.

We may have to return to these two "book notices" again or to mention others. For the present we draw this inference only from their insufficiency and inaccuracy: the inference that the lesson, though read to England, had better be studied by America for herself, without asking the help of her fellow pupil across the ocean.

We shall attempt no analysis of these lectures, for a sufficient synopsis of the thoughts of either would be too long, and would be, moreover, of a dryness injurious to the reputation of the essays with those who have not read them. The thought of the first essay is consecutive and orderly, but if it could be summed up in a few propositions, they would be these:

Advancement in life is the great object of most men, and there are various false notions about it. But there is no true advancement in life except the gaining of wisdom and the power that wisdom gives. Intercourse with the living great, who can give wisdom, is possible to but few persons; but there is a great world of the wise on our book-case shelves who await our pleasure. These are the real books, those, namely, which are written to last, others being a sort of reprinted newspapers. These real books should be studied with religious care, every word weighed, great pains taken to get at the meaning of every word; for it is important that we should know what the author meant to say, and not what we can imagine him to have meant. Moreover, we must enter into the feelings, as well as understand the thoughts, of these great men. It is in this matter of feeling (sensation or passion) that the great distinction lies between noble and base. And this is the important distinction both with individuals and nations.

So far the thought is harmless enough. That it sounds, in the dry statement above, not very original or brilliant, is not a matter of great regret; those who know anything of Ruskin's writings will imagine the wealth of illustration and allusion that clothes the skeleton into roundness and vital strength. So far the thought is harmless enough and can give no offence. But the application follows:

We (the English public) have forgotten how to read in our haste to make money and our thirst for amusement. There is still hope for us only because we can still fight and toil, and can still feel love and honor. We have despised literature; for we spend and are willing to spend more on horses, wines, eating, and jewelry than on books. We have despised science; for we, as a nation, do not help science at all, more than is actually needed for our ships, but leave private devotion to do all it can or will without help. We have despised art; for whatever we do for picture galleries and art schools is not from love of pictures, for which we care nothing, but from desire to have our manufactures excel others in taste, and, therefore, in salableness. We have despised nature, using the Alps as greased poles to climb, and the quiet valleys of England for furnaces and coal pits. We despise compassion; and this needs no proof except the newspaper paragraphs I read you. Our national will is to be amused, and the nation's work is left to classes whom we despise.

The true kings of the earth are those who rule by wisdom. And yet, wonderful as it is, kingship is still spoken of as if kings owned their people and realms as a private man owns an estate. Where kings rule by wisdom, less money will go for war, nations will not buy panic of each other, as France and England do, for millions a year, the money will go to create libraries and museums and art galleries and places of rest.

Such, in brief, is the argument of the first lecture, "Kings' Treasuries." It is to be read with care, if read at all, and every word considered, for it is compact and careful. It cannot fail to teach those who are willing to learn. The second lecture is so beautiful, so true-seeming as well as true, that it is sure to be generally liked. It considers the position and influence of women, and the influence they should have, in the household, in society, and in the world; and the education which would best fit them for their duties. It is

*Sesame and Lilies. Two Lectures delivered at Manchester in 1864. By John Ruskin, M.A. 1. Of Kings' Treasuries; 2. Of Queens' Gardens. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1865. Pp. 196.

a most beautiful and suggestive statement of the true relation between man and woman, and the value of each to the other.

We believe these and similar teachings of Mr. Ruskin to be exceedingly valuable, and hold their failings and faults to be of an importance very secondary to their positive value. But, however mistaken we may think the rejecters of such doctrine, the English people, so far as they reject it, are not, humanly speaking, without excuse. The fact that these sharp rebukes and this stern denunciation, however general in their application, are aimed, and confessedly aimed, at the English public, makes it not wonderful that they meet harsh words by words as harsh. Their excuse is one which may not avail to save them from the consequences of determined refusal to listen to warning and counsel, but it is one which no earthly judge has a right to disallow. No nation, at least, can fail to admit its force. Few people are willing to believe or even to listen to unwelcome truths, to acknowledge wickedness and folly for which they are sternly reprov'd, or to bow meekly to deserved rebuke. The American people has heard much good counsel, and has not only disregarded it, but has met it with downright contempt and abuse. From the time of the adoption of the Constitution until now, there have been those who, with eloquent and earnest words, have borne witness against our national sins. Have we listened? Have we even refrained from contemptuous recrimination? Were the abolitionists—even the gentler-voiced among them—regarded with favor when they warned us from courses undeniably evil, and showed us a future of inevitable catastrophe? It required actual war, and war for many months, to give us, as a nation, any perception of the facts they had often laid before us. They had often told us what slavery was, and what the spirit of the slaveholders; we boldly denied, or, more wise in our generation, avoided the question and confined our answer to hard words and denunciation. But two months before April, 1861, an American who had long been abroad landed in New York. Those who heard will still remember his exclamation, after a week's residence in this city: "These people to this day use 'abolitionist' as a term of reproach!"

But in this particular instance the English have this additional excuse to offer, that the advice is not conveyed to them in the words and in the tone which advisers generally find most efficacious and accordingly adopt, but in words of disparagement and with an air of grieved contempt. To the respect and admiration we feel for Mr. Ruskin, and the great debt of gratitude we owe him for his various and unprecedented labors in the cause of education, we join a sincere regret that he adopts the tone which injured his former treatises on political economy, and injures this volume yet more. It is one thing to say to the public, "This that you have done is unworthy a great nation," and another to say, "You are not a great nation because you have done this." It is true enough that the English people have not a general, natural, hearty love of art; and so it is true that the German love of art is nearly all formalist, and French love of art mainly technical; and it is true in general terms that this is a bad age for art, and contains only a feeble promise of better things to come. But to tell one of these nations that it despises art and cares less for Titians than for game in its game-bags, is unjust as well as unwise. It is true of a chain that it is not stronger than its weakest part; but it is not true of a nation that it is not better than its worst men, or wiser than its most foolish. It would be more nearly true to say that every nation, not in visible decay, is as good as its best men. But neither statement is true nor wise. We know only that ten righteous men can save a city, and that a few wise men will redeem the ignorance or folly of a land. England does not despise art while Mr. Ruskin's works are read and her great painters' works increase in influence and in value daily.

But it is certain that many English critics despise reasoning. The English educated class, we believe, is as badly misrepresented by its mouthpieces as this city by its "representatives." We cannot leave the subject without quoting from Mr. Trollope a passage curiously illustrative of the style of criticism out of which nothing comes but confusion and heavy ignorance. Mr. Ruskin illustrates the alleged national despising of science by the mention of a very discreditable circumstance indeed, and Mr. Trollope meets him thus: "He says that we have despised science, and proves it by showing that the Government has haggled at buying a collection of fossils for £700, as though the science of a nation depended on the propensities or means of the existing Chancellor of the Exchequer!" The critic does not see or suspect that his author is dealing with first causes, and considers neither officials nor times, but holds the nation responsible for national sins. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is perhaps not to blame, he is certainly not blamed, nor any subordinate, nor any person. But it is a shameful condition of things where seven hundred pounds are not to be had for the purchase of an unequalled and unique collection of fossils for the nation; and where, after the value of the collection has been admitted, a servant of the Govern-

ment is compelled to give his personal security for a part of the purchase money, or else to see the whole treasure rejected. And for this wrong Mr. Ruskin holds his country responsible. England as a nation is disgraced by such a cold and unwilling ministry to science. "You have despised science," says John Ruskin, and while he is unwise, as we think, to say it, England is unwise and unjust if she refuse to heed it.

PERSIAN CHARACTERISTICS.*

THE position and medical activity of Dr. Polak, his uncommon knowledge of the native idiom and literature, and numerous journeys, frequently in company with the shah, enabled him to study Persian life and habits with an extraordinary minuteness and exactitude. The fruits of these studies he now lays before the public in a series of "ethnographic sketches," which, on account of their richness in detail and obvious truthfulness, cannot fail to occupy a prominent rank among productions of their kind, and to become a standard source of information on Persia and its people—"a nation whose glory, it is true, belongs to a remote past, but which has not yet grown old; but, on the contrary, seems destined to play an important part in the political and intellectual history of the future." He presents his sketches in a plain, unornamented shape. His object is to inform and instruct, not to amuse. He tries to divest himself of all prejudice in treating his subject, seems to form his observations only after mature experience, and puts down his remarks with a rather timid hand, being fully conscious of the danger of too hasty conclusions. He rarely descends beneath the surface of things, presents few striking comparisons or illustrations, and neither solves nor propounds any problems. But he communicates, in full descriptions, much that he saw and closely examined or enquired into himself; and his studies embrace the widest range of topics. Confining ourselves to a few of the latter, we shall endeavor, in the following, to present to our readers a miniature sketch of the character and social life of the modern Persian, condensed from various chapters of the volume before us. We refer to the Persian proper, in contradistinction to his co-inhabitants of different races of that vast and checkered country, the Turcomans, Kurds, Arabs, Armenians, Chaldeans, Jews, Afghans, and others.

Both in his body and character, the Persian fully displays the type of the Caucasian race. His complexion is rather dark; his hair chestnut color, and never curly; the beard well developed and thick. His head is oval; the forehead moderately high, flattened round the temples; the eyes are light brown,—exceptionally black,—large, and shaded by long upper lids and by arched brows, connecting over the nose; the cheeks little fleshy, and without redness; the lips thin; the chin is narrow. His neck is never long; his chest is broad; his hands and feet are exceedingly well shaped. He is generally of a little more than medium size; remarkably tall or small men are rare exceptions, as are also corpulence and its opposite. His features are serious and calm, never keen or distorted. He avoids gesticulation, and rarely betrays his feelings or passions in his look or face. His gait is erect and fine; his walk graceful. He is exceedingly agile, and capable of extraordinary exertions; but when not stirred up to activity, slow and inclined to rest and idleness. He walks little, hates standing, sits in the oriental way, is an excellent horseman, but also uses for riding the ass, the mule, and the camel. He wonderfully controls his sleep according to circumstances, sometimes dreaming away most of his time; and again, when zealously active, passing days and nights in unremitting labor. He is fond of comfort, but patient under privations, and suffers with equanimity heat and cold, hunger and thirst. He is composed under every change of fortune. He is fond of exciting drinks, luxurious, but exceedingly temperate in his food.

The Persian loves riches, pomp, and display. He is greedy of wealth, little anxious about the means of acquiring it; but when acquired, spends it profusely to satisfy his luxurious tastes. He pays excessive prices for horses, carpets, song, and dance; none is too high when his harem is to be enriched and adorned. Still, polygamy is not the rule, but the exception. He is fond of music, poetry, and theatrical entertainments; likes a florid style of eloquence and writing; speaks with elegance, but often sacrifices his thoughts to the charm of rhythm. He is pleasant in conversation, and overflowing with politeness and graceful compliments, even when speaking to his bitterest enemy; and never flatly refuses a demand, preferring a false promise to momentary rudeness. He is a born actor. He is equally prone to make fine professions and to forget them; always ready to offer presents, though rarely mindful to bestow them; inclined to hypocrisy, but not to fanaticism; apt

* "Persien. Das Land und seine Bewohner. Ethnographische Schilderungen von Dr. Jakob Eduard Polak, ehemaligem Leibarzt des Schah von Persien und Lehrer an der medicinischen Schule zu Teheran." Erster Theil. ["Persia. The Land and its Inhabitants. Ethnographic Sketches by Dr. J. E. Polak, late body physician to the Shah of Persia, and Professor at the Teheran School of Medicine." Part I.] Leipzig. 1865.

o commit treacherous and even atrocious actions when circumstances command it, though not cruel from nature. He practices extortion with one hand and charity with the other. He has compassion for animals as well as man. He is slavish towards his political superiors, domineering among his subordinates in office, gentle to his servants, never rude as a husband, affable and hospitable to strangers. He suffers oppression, though averse to all authority; but hoards wrongs, and strikes without clemency when opportunity offers. He is neither brave nor warlike, but resigned in the highest degree, in misfortune as well as death.

He is attached to his native place and to his province, but cherishes no love of country. Patriotism, in the European sense, is rare. The more intense is the attachment to the family and tribe. To their welfare and honor everything is sacrificed. An insult to one member is an insult to all. The needy are supported by the wealthy. The low are proud of the high. None is absent from his family without necessity. Children pay reverence to their father, love to their mother, vouch with their honor and property for each other. The betrayal of such trust is regarded as the highest of crimes. The desertion of a relative is almost unheard of. Families, in the widest sense of the word, live together in the same town quarters. Several combine in acknowledging the supremacy of a common chief. When rising to high dignities, he raises them all; with his fall, all sink into poverty; and what was but recently the richest and most envied quarter of a city, soon becomes a desolate place. Such changes, with individuals as well as families and tribes, are frequent. They do not surprise nor stun the Persian. Elevated by the sudden favor of the shah, he wonders only why this did not take place long before; deprived as suddenly of his position and wealth, he bows before the will of his master as if it were a decree of fate. "He has given it, he takes it." But he lives, works, and builds accordingly. He enjoys and labors for the present, leaving the future to the care of Allah. His palaces crumble away as rapidly as his greatness and power. His artificially irrigated gardens dry up with the sources of his wealth. Nothing is made, as nothing is expected, to last.

Nil admirari is in other respects, too, the firm maxim of the Persian. The creative power of God cannot surpass itself; the wisdom of the Greek philosophers, the sacred sublimity of the Koran, and the verses of Saadi, Hafiz, or Firdousi, he believes, will equally remain unsurpassed. And yet, though little inventive, the Persian is inquisitive and fond of innovations. He is addicted to speculation. Everything mysterious attracts his attention; every secret society excites his interest; every new sect finds numerous adherents. Among other associations, freemasonry was, some time ago, widely spread in Persia, penetrating into the very surroundings of the shah, and counting among its disciples numerous mullas (priestly judges) and seids (reputed descendants of the Prophet). But suspected, as every secret society is in Persia, of possible designs against the abuses of despotism, it was soon persecuted with the utmost rigor. The native sect of the Babis, among the tenets of which were communism and the emancipation of woman, found fanatical adherents of both sexes, but being accused of an attempt at the life of Nasser-ed-din, the reigning shah, was crushed with remorseless cruelty, the victims of which evinced, amid the most excruciating tortures, the invincible firmness of martyrs.

"Among the higher classes, and among office-holders and men of the pen, the so-called mirzas, secretaries, draftsman, and revisers, as well as among the refined class of servants, one often meets with characters the prototype of which is so perfectly drawn by Morrier in his romance, 'Haji Baba.' The Persian has invented a particular name for them, calling them *futuzi*, and their way of doing and acting *futuzi*. The *futuzi* is a man who knows how to adapt himself to all possible circumstances, everywhere to find his emoluments, and to appropriate to himself, or, as the Persians say, 'to eat,' the wealth of others. He is pert and intrusive, knows all the news of the town, and also how to profit by it. Cringing like a worm before his superiors, he is full of arrogance to inferiors, and on every occasion makes them feel his authority. He lies from principle, speaks the truth only when it offers a particular advantage, spreads false news, intrigues and calumniates. He seeks to oppress by all possible means those who have rendered him important services, for he cannot afford to be grateful, nor brook having any obligations to anybody. He has learned some poems, knows how to cite a verse or an epigram, and has always an appropriate remark on hand. He accommodates himself to all stations of life, and is fit for every situation, from the position of a vizier to that of a groom. He asseverates every statement by an oath, and when caught in lying, he acknowledges it without shame."

Another less respectable, because more openly dangerous, class of persons is thus described:

"*Lutis* correspond to the rowdies in North America. They are men who recognize in the Lot of the Bible their patron saint, stroll about in the night in search of plunder or scuffles, drink and gamble, and are always ready to create a disturbance, sometimes for the fun of the thing, but sometimes also for their own benefit. They carry a Circassian dagger in their girdle; their caps they wear cocked. They can be found in every town and among all

classes, but their principal ranks are composed of prize-fighters, dancers, showmen of monkeys, bears, and lions, and similar persons. To the most enterprising *Lutis* belong those of Tabriz, Shiraz, and Isfahan. A European finds the protection of a few *Lutis* occasionally very useful."

The classes of the mullas, seids, and dervishes, all of which are shielded in their excesses by the pious reverence of the people, also abound in dangerous characters. In former times the mullas were distinguished for piety and learning, and many of them attained great eminence as writers. But by degrees they became demoralized by the immunities of their position, the abject reverence the people paid them, and the facilities for abusing it which superstition afforded. They are now generally regarded as rapacious, licentious, and exceedingly corrupt. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that their opposition often serves as an effective barrier against the excesses of despotism. The "descendants of the Prophet," who form the fiftieth part of the entire population, belong to all conditions of society, but are recognizable by the blue or green color of their girdles or turbans. They are priests, office-holders, merchants, tradesmen, and husbandmen; but the impunity which they mostly enjoy before the law has produced among them a large number of sharpers, forgers, and scoundrels of every description. Europeans must particularly shun their contact. The class of dervishes, which, among its members, formerly included the noblest minds of Iran, and among them Saadi and Hafiz, is now equally degraded, but comparatively harmless. Vagabonds from indolence, which still procures them companions from among the sons of high and even princely families, and beggars by trade, they are still inimitable as ballad-singers and story-tellers, and, as such, remarkable for purity of language and elegance of style; but they lack higher culture. In their fantastic beggarly attire, they roam from province to province and from country to country, entirely careless about the morrow, and often ruined by the smoking of *beng*—everywhere enjoying a superstitious popularity, though they believe neither in Mohammed nor in Allah, but are mostly deists or pantheists. Some pretend to be alchemists, and sometimes succeed in cheating their adepts of considerable sums, with which they disappear.

There is no hereditary nobility in Persia, only a few chiefs of nomad tribes carrying back their pedigree to Timour, Genghis Khan, or even the house of Sassan. The word *nejib* (noble), which is often used, refers not to high descent, but to position in the royal service and association with dignitaries. Families gain and lose the honor of that title, or of that of khan, which is bestowed by the shah, with fabulous rapidity. The *nejibs* and khans of yesterday are despised or forgotten to-day. The highest title belongs to the princes of the reigning Kajar dynasty. They are called *shah-tzadeh* (royal descendants), and the word *mirza* (prince) is suffixed to their names. But only the descendants of Abbas Mirza are treated as princes and entrusted with governorships and other high and lucrative offices. The other lines of the progeny of Feth Ali Shah, which, in the aggregate, has multiplied in eighty years to upward of two thousand souls, live poor on scanty pensions, a burden to the treasury, despised by the people, degraded by idleness, and destitute of the warlike virtues, though not of the royal prejudices, of the Kajars. There are also some surviving descendants of the preceding dynasty: they are distinguished by the title of *mirzadeh* (descendants of emirs). Individual titles, which are not attached to rank or position, but are bestowed by the shah on single dignitaries, are of endless variety, the dictionary being continually ransacked in search of new ones. Such are: the support, arm, purse, diadem, torch, tongue, etc., of the Government, of the crown, of the realm, etc. The word *mirza*, which is *prefixed* to names, in contradistinction to the *suffix* of princes, designates the most influential class in Persia. The mirzas are men originally belonging to all ranks of society—sometimes to the lowest—but who, by their skill in writing and reading, general aptitude for affairs, or particular talents, if not by accident have risen to high and lucrative state dignities, or otherwise to public importance. Viziers, secretaries of state, and other influential functionaries, are chosen from among them, and in such capacities their authority over-awes even the princes of the blood, and directly or indirectly controls all affairs, civil or military. The officers of the army, distinguished by title according to their rank, are men without military education or habits, appointed by nepotism, and more intent on "eating" the salaries of the soldiers than on leading them to warlike exploits, and generally as cowardly as corrupt. The Persian material is good, but, both in war and peace, it is wasted by ill treatment, in the most shameless way. Slaves, mostly imported Africans, bought more for domestic ornament than use, are kindly treated, and protected against ill-usage by humane regulations.

It is owing chiefly to the circumstance that the Koran, which is allowed to be read only in the original, is accessible but to good Arabic scholars, and that all liturgical readings have to be performed in that language, and with

a pure accent, that there exists any kind of priesthood in Persia, Islamism having originally known neither priests nor temples. Even now many a layman is seen ascending the roof of his house, and, with a clear voice, calling his neighbors to prayer. But, altogether, the religion of Mohammed was never deep-rooted in the hearts of the Persians. It has now become almost an empty formula. Everybody feigns religious faith and piety in public, but few of the educated, whether mullas or laymen, believe in the Koran. Some substitute for it the philosophical tenets of the numerous sects of the Sufis; others follow their own speculations. All, however, pretend to be Shiite Moslems, though, in certain circumstances, as during travels in Turkey or Turkestan, it is not regarded as a sin to assume, for a time, the mask of a Sunnite. Conversion to Christianity happens only under peculiar circumstances, and is never sincere. The Moslem mind revolts against the doctrine of the Trinity, and is little apt to conceive virtue and abnegation in the Christian sense. The civilization of the West is often admired, but rarely esteemed, and least by those who have lived in Europe. The general conviction of Persians returning from France or England is, that those countries are more corrupt than their own. And, yet, it is only the remoteness of Persia from the seats of occidental civilization which prevents the general spread there of modern science and culture, so susceptible is the Persian intellect, though not inventive, to new ideas and reformatory tendencies.

Modern Persian literature is decidedly inferior in its products to that of former centuries. There are numberless versifiers, but few poets, and the standard models of the golden age are not even well imitated. Poetry is either a trade or a pastime, never a vocation. The shahs are beset by beggar bards, have their poet-laureates, and make verses themselves. Nasser-ed-din is both a poet and a patron of literature. Children are taught Saadi's "Gulistan," learning its most striking epigrams by heart. Poems form the principal basis of education. Every respectable conversation must have its rich admixture of spirited or pointed quotations. The precepts of the Koran are studied with less reverence than the teachings of Saadi or Hafiz; its legends are not as well known as the fabulous tales of Firdousi. A good elocution and a fine florid style is what every man of culture tries to acquire; a lucid and chaste diction is rarely to be met with. Calligraphy is the constant study of everybody, from childhood to old age. Letters and notes are written with the utmost care and neatness. Mirzas carry a collection of writing materials attached to their girdle. For fine manuscripts or exquisite writing-samples high, sometimes fabulous, prices are paid. Printed books, in which the peculiar way of writing the Arabic letters cannot be well imitated, are less valued than well-executed lithographic works. Geography is generally taught according to the old Ptolemaic system; few scholars know its modern developments. Asia is tolerably well known from historical traditions and the experiences of travelling merchants, roving dervishes, and pious pilgrims. Of Europe, only the principal countries are known. History is a more favorite study, though acquired not less superficially. It generally begins with the conquests of Islam. Mirkhond's renowned historical work, "Rutzet es Safe," is to be found in every respectable house. A continuation to our times has lately been elaborated. Histories of Napoleon, after Scott; of Peter the Great and Charles XII., after Voltaire; and of Czar Nicholas, after Baron Korff, lately issued, are widely and closely studied, sometimes to the perplexity of Europeans, who are surprised to find themselves comparatively ignorant on those topics. Works on mathematical and other scientific subjects also circulate in manuscripts or lithographs. But instruction, in general, is still in a primitive stage, though private schools abound, and almost everybody learns a little, women not excepted.

The condition of woman in Persia is not as degraded as many Europeans believe. A picture of it, we know, would be necessary to complete our sketch; but the subject is too interesting to be treated in a few fugitive passages, and we find to our regret that our space is exhausted.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

William Shakespeare. By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. (Patrick Donahoe.)—*The Works of William Shakespeare.* The Globe Edition. Edited by William George Clark and William Aldis Wright. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)—The lecture of the late Cardinal, apart from its never-wearisome theme, has a peculiar interest as the last intellectual effort of its author, who was not destined to deliver it in public, as he had expected to do, by invitation. He apologizes for attempting to discourse of a dramatist not one of whose plays had he ever seen acted or declaimed, but whom he knew by reading and study only. In view of this circumstance, the warmth of his tribute is, if not extraordinary, at least admirable, and, of itself, a striking proof of Shakespeare's power over the minds of men. Beyond this whole-souled appreciation and homage, there is little to remark in the substance of the lecture. It would be difficult at this day to present an original view of Shakespeare's genius, whose many sides have been illustrated by the writers of every civilized nation. The Cardinal dwells,

particularly, however, on the marvellous subtlety with which the character of Hamlet is drawn, so as to have deceived the very elect, and to have given rise to an endless dispute about the reality of his insanity: a delineation which the lecturer prefers to suppose less due for its scientific accuracy to the poet's observations, than to his faculty of introversion. When we have added that the Cardinal writes like a good Englishman, placing Shakespeare in the highest niche in the pantheon of letters, and employs a chaste though ornate eloquence, which would scarcely have needed the polish it might, perhaps, have been destined to receive, we have nothing left to criticize but the plan in the appendix for a proper monument to Shakespeare. This was a national, and, in part, international edition of his works, magnificently printed and bound, and illustrated by the foremost artists of the time, chiefly British. It contains an ingenious classification of the plays in periods which would have afforded the latter the freest scope for their fancy—Egyptian, classical, mediæval, modern, etc. For one reason, at least, we may not be sorry that the Cardinal's design was not adopted: he wished this sumptuous edition to be accepted, without demurring, as the standard authority upon all moot points. This could not have been agreed to by scholars and commentators, nor would it have been the best way to arrive at the purest text, for it would have repressed the spirit of investigation, which has given us, on the one hand, the greatest triumphs of critical acumen, and, on the other, the most important discoveries of early editions. The publisher has dealt shabbily with the eminent prelate. His little volume appears to be only a re-print in book-form from the columns of a newspaper, with all the typographical inaccuracies retained. This negligent work is in singular contrast with the "Globe Edition" of the Messrs. Roberts, who have imitated their English original with praiseworthy fidelity. In one compact duodecimo, of 1,079 pages, the entire productions of Shakespeare are contained—the type being small but perfectly distinct, and the paper excellent. The features which distinguish this edition are, that there are no notes; that the most probable of several emendations is inserted without alluding to the rest; that where none is admissible, the lacuna is indicated; and that, for convenient reference, the lines of each scene are numbered. These qualities, together with the compactness of the volume, we are confident, will render it justly popular among all classes.

Memoirs of the Life of William Shakespeare, with an essay toward the expression of his genius, and an account of the rise and progress of the English Drama. By Richard Grant White. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)—This work deserves an extended notice, and has, in fact, received one already at our hands from the early sheets. Now that it comes before the public, we may correct the inadvertence which led us, in the first number of THE NATION, to confound the *Memoirs* with the first volume of the author's *Shakespeare*, which, likewise in press at that time, is now also ready, to complete the hitherto headless series.

The Works of the Right Honorable Edmund Burke. Revised edition. Vol. I. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)—Since of the contents of this volume there is no need to say anything, we can only remark that the typography and binding are of that excellent character which uniformly distinguishes the publications of Messrs. Little & Brown. The twelve volumes, which are to appear monthly, will form when completed a most desirable edition for the library.

Speeches of John Bright, M.P., on the American Question. With an Introduction by Frank Moore. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)—There is probably no foreign advocate of the American cause during the late war who has argued it so ably and with so little effect as Mr. Bright; though, of course, the unfruitfulness of his exertions does not, and ought not to, diminish his claims upon our gratitude. Some of the speeches reprinted in this volume are amongst the most eloquent of Mr. Bright's oratorical efforts, but he had made himself, long before the war broke out, so outspoken and uncompromising a champion of republicanism, that his utterances on American topics produced very much less impression than those of his less gifted but more practical and cautious fellow-laborer, Mr. Cobden. Mr. Bright is, we believe, on his way to this country, and those who wish to become acquainted with his labors in our behalf, as well as with his peculiarities of style, which for force and vividness, and often for splendor, has no equal in England, cannot do better than run through the little volume before us.

The Magazines for September.—"Hours at Home" opens with an excellent article upon "The Dangers and Demands of the Era" on which we are now entering, pointing out—and it cannot be too strongly dwelt on—the general tendency in the flush of self-confidence begot by the war to overlook or make light of the evils which beset our social and political progress, and to imagine our republic totally exempt from the perils and difficulties which other communities have to encounter. It is gratifying to find a religious magazine, which aims at being popular, raising its voice against the prevailing spirit of self-gratulation and the prevailing impatience of criticism. The remainder of the number is excellent; the topics well chosen and well treated; but the editor seems to us to be overdoing in the matter of shortness. The rage for "short articles" ought hardly to be gratified at the expense of quality, and there is more than one topic taken up in the number before us which if not discussed at greater length were better let alone.

"Harper" contains about the usual quantity of entertaining matter and of "padding." "Miss Pink's First Season" is intended to be a satire on "society," and we hope society winces under it, but if it does it is more thin-skinned than we take it to be. "The Sketches of Social Life in China" are interesting, and the article on Milford, a Frenchman, who was for twenty years head chief of the Creek Indians, is a valuable and entertaining contribution to frontier history of the end of the last and beginning of this century. More melancholy reading than the facetie of the "Editor's

Drawer," we have not often lighted upon. The composition of such jokes must be an awful drain on any man's vitality.

The "Atlantic" preserves its usual features. It settles the question of Davis's wearing woman's clothes at the time of his capture, in an article by an eye-witness, entitled "Running at Heads." Mrs. Stowe continues her "Chimney Corner," and Mr. Mitchell his "Doctor Johns," and if we except the tales, the whole number may be pronounced very good.

The "United Service Magazine" is one of the most valuable results of the war, and the number before us contains an excellent article on retaliation, apropos of the Fort Pillow massacre, the treatment of prisoners, and the atrocities of the late Confederacy.

"Our Young Folks" maintains the character it has already won. Its large circulation is an encouraging sign of the times.

We have looked in vain through the "Federal American Monthly" to find any good reason for printing, publishing, or perusing it. The paper and print are very poor, and the literary matter is not worth criticism.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

MILDRED ARKELL. By Mrs. Henry Wood.—ILLUSTRATED LIFE, SERVICES, MARTYRDOM, AND FUNERAL OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—ILLUSTRATED LIFE, CAMPAIGNS, AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF LIEUT.-GEN. GRANT.—LIFE, SPEECHES, AND SERVICES OF ANDREW JOHNSON. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

STANDISH. A Story of Our Day. [Railway Library.] Loring, Boston.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES CAVALRY. By Albert G. Brackett.—CAN YOU FORGIVE HER? By Anthony Trollope. Harper & Bros., New York.

DIE RECONSTRUCTION UND DIE NIGER. Von Ludwig Greiner. Verein zur Verbreitung radikaler Prinzipien, New York.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By Richard Grant White.—THE WORKS OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE EDMUND BURKE. Revised Edition. Vol. I. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF OUR FINANCIAL POLICY DURING THE SOUTHERN REBELLION. By Simon Newcomb. D. Appleton & Co. New York.

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At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Fourth National Bank, held this day, a DIVIDEND of FOUR (4) PER CENT. was declared out of the net earnings of the last six months, payable on the 1st of September, free from Government tax.

The Books of Transfer will be closed on and after the closing of business on Saturday, 30th instant, until the 1st day of September.

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

SATURDAY A. M.

TRADE has been very active this week. The business in dry goods, both domestic and foreign, exceeds anything ever before known in the experience of our oldest merchants, in the magnitude of the daily sales and the promptness of demand for nearly every description of goods put upon the market. The only hindrance to a much larger trade is the want of sufficient stocks of seasonable goods. The importations in August will probably be returned at about twenty-six millions, gold value; and the customs duties realized thereon by the Government, \$13,190,400 in gold. Of this sum, the Treasury is believed to have sold about \$7,000,000 for currency, at 143 to 145 per cent., in addition to \$3,000,000 or \$4,000,000 sold out of the July customs.

The sales of merchandize are well distributed over the whole country. The North-west is buying freely, and there is a large and prompt trade with New Orleans, Memphis, and the more recently opened Southern ports. North Carolina and Georgia are probably the best buyers, though a fair business is doing with South Carolina and Virginia. The arrivals of cotton now include shipments from the Florida ports, and goods are going in that direction in exchange for the proceeds of this cotton. The renewed commercial and bartering intercourse between the North and South, on and near the seaboard, is not without its favorable political and social influence. Our great hotels number very many Southerners among their guests, and, as far as we are advised, the general opinion they express is in favor of a complete restoration of the old state of feeling and of material interests between the two sections. Whatever drawbacks may show themselves to the early consummation of this result, growing out of a difference of view on the labor and suffrage questions, there is not the slightest belief or fear entertained by these people of a renewal of hostilities. War they have learned to esteem the last and worst possible remedy, and they are candid enough not only to confess the fact, but to place their future political and material fortunes before the country upon the liberality and generosity of the Federal Government, and the support of its action, whatever it may be, in the loyal States.

The market for money has been established at the reduced quotations noticed in our last report—5 per cent. to the brokers at call, and $6\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 per cent. on mercantile paper, 60 days to 4 months. The demand is not active at these rates, while the bank return for the week shows an increased surplus of money for employment in the market.

Gold has not varied over $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. at any time during the week, and exchange on London has fallen to $109\frac{1}{2}$ to $109\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. in gold for Bank bills. This ease in exchange, while our importations are so active,

excites remark, but we find that much confidence is felt in the future export of cotton, the accumulation of which in New York, New Orleans, etc., is far beyond the domestic demand.

The creditors of Messrs. Ketchum, Son & Co. held a meeting yesterday, to hear the state of their affairs, and to determine the mode of settlement or liquidation. Explanations were made by the senior of the house, and the recommendation of an examining committee of the best responsibility submitted, to the effect that 50 cents on the dollar cash by the 1st November, and 10 cents additional in 12 months, be taken as in full settlement by the creditors and the trusteeship dismissed. This was agreed to by the creditors present, and will no doubt be carried out as the best composition under the circumstances. The debts are \$3,985,685, including a questionable claim of \$250,000; the assets, \$3,093,639, including \$243,500 disputed. The settlement proves less favorable than looked for last week. It transpired at the meeting that two of the young partners, Mr. Belknap and Mr. Swan, were some three months ago aware of the wrong-doing of young Ketchum to his own firm, and as early as the 4th of June remonstrated with him, when he promised to close up his private speculation. Instead of which, he went deeper into stocks and gold to recover his previous losses, and finding his depredations on the house watched, and threatened with exposure, he resorted on the 27th of that month to the famous gold check-book, from the Bank of New York. On the 4th of August he was again warned by these young partners, and the 15th named as the latest time they would delay exposure, if restitution was not made or reform entered upon. On the 14th, the forgeries were discovered by other parties; Ketchum left the Street; and the house, which might have been saved on the 4th of June by the compulsory withdrawal of the wrong-doer, was ruined. The motives of these young men were probably good; their judgment was greatly at fault, their forbearance misplaced, and the result of this first blunder fatal to all concerned. Young Ketchum was not then a forger. He had played the wrong-doer only in or to his own house. His abstractions of securities were even then large, but with the high credit and private wealth of Mr. Morris Ketchum, the loss might have been recovered; and half the reticence shown by those young partners to shield Edward Ketchum, if exercised in a more laudable direction, would have kept the mercantile world ignorant of a peril to the house not then beyond redemption.

In the case of Mumford, the Police Court has discharged him from arrest, on the ground that his checks were drawn on a bank in which he kept an active account, and in this he made large, though insufficient, deposits on the day of his default. This throws his deeply-wronged creditors on the civil courts, and leaves the brokers of the Stock and Gold Exchanges without penal remedy in cases of fraud growing out of the receipt of checks not marked good at the bank before the delivery of their property.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES.

The original U. S. 5-20s current in Europe continue firm at $106\frac{1}{2}$ to 107 per cent. The 5-20s have been in free supply, but are gradually absorbed at $104\frac{1}{2}$ to 105 per cent. The 6 per cents of 1881 have improved to $107\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The 10-40s paid their September dividend yesterday, $2\frac{1}{2}$ in gold, equal to $3\frac{1}{2}$ in currency, and now sell at $94\frac{1}{2}$ to $94\frac{3}{4}$, ex dividend. The 7.30 currency loans are all steady at $99\frac{1}{2}$ to $99\frac{3}{4}$. The one year certificates are wanted at $98\frac{1}{2}$. It is stated that the redemptions of the 1864 issue are more rapid than the use of the new 1865s. There is a demand for the compound interest legal tenders at 105 for the notes of June, 1864, and $102\frac{1}{2}$ to 101 for July, August, and October, 1864, notes.

STATE SECURITIES.

Tennessee has further advanced to 75 per cent. North Carolinas have been sold at $71\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. New York State 7s Bounty Scrip, $93\frac{1}{2}$ and interest

RAILWAY SECURITIES.

The Ohio and Mississippi certificates, which are to represent the common stock of the road when relieved of its receivership, have gone up from 24 to 28 cents on the dollar, and are in large demand. The calculation is that the Atlantic and Great Western Company will ultimately control the property, as the extension of their broad gauge road from Cincinnati to St. Louis. The certificates of the Eastern and Western Divisions amount altogether to about \$22,000,000. They sold last year at 60 to 65 cents on the dollar, when gold was 200 to 250 per cent. The share list is $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 per cent. less firm on Erie, 87 down to 86 to $86\frac{1}{2}$; N. Y. Central is $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. better, $92\frac{1}{2}$ to 93; Reading has advanced from $105\frac{1}{2}$ to $106\frac{1}{2}$; Michigan Southern, $63\frac{1}{2}$ to $65\frac{1}{2}$; Michigan Central, $106\frac{1}{2}$ to $108\frac{1}{2}$; Pittsburg, $70\frac{1}{2}$ to $72\frac{1}{2}$; North-west, $27\frac{1}{2}$ to $28\frac{1}{2}$; North-west preferred, $62\frac{1}{2}$ to $63\frac{1}{2}$; Fort Wayne, $95\frac{1}{2}$ to $97\frac{1}{2}$; Rock Island, $106\frac{1}{2}$ to $108\frac{1}{2}$. The market firm at close of week.

MISCELLANEOUS SHARES.

The bank stocks continue to show recovery. The Pacific Mail Company have secured the Government subvention of \$500,000 for a steam line between San Francisco and China and Japan. They are to build four new steamers, and the contract to commence on 1st January, 1867. The Atlantic Mail Company have placed a much-needed new steamer on the Aspinwall route to California. Both stocks are steady. Canton are firm. Cumberland have further improved 2 per cent.; Mariposa, 1 per cent.; and Quick-silver has gone down 2 per cent. on the over production of the mine—an

unusual complaint of mining enterprises. It is known, however, that there is a limit to the world's use of quicksilver, and that the New Almaden is now found to be rich and productive beyond all previous conception or calculation. The Brunswick Land Company is inactive, and the shares below \$10 again.

GOLD AND EXCHANGE.

Gold is 144½ as against 143½ last Saturday. Bills on London, 109½ to 109¼ per cent. for this day's packet. They sold as low as 109½ for the Boston packet of Wednesday.

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